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FLIM-FLAMS!

OR THE

LIFE AND ERRORS

OF

MY UNCLE AND HIS FRIENDS!

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND OBSCURITIES,

BY

MESSIEURS TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

A LITERARY ROMANCE.

It is not, my dear Lord! by Electrical Experiments, nor by conductors of wire that we shall be able to avert the black storm which hangs over us. Let you and me therefore be PHILOSOPHERS, NOW AND THEN, but CITIZENS ALWAYS! Let us sometimes observe with eagerness the *Satellites of Jupiter*, but let us incessantly watch with jealousy the *Satellites of the King!*

Sir W. JONES to Lord Althorpe.

IN THREE VOLUMES, WITH ELEVEN PLATES.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH MATERIAL ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, 32, FLEET STREET.

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CHAPTER XLII.

Hence *without parent*, by spontaneous birth,
Rise the first specks of animated earth!

TEMPLE OF NATURE, *Canto* I. *Ver.* 247.

Was this the medicine, PARACELSUS
Could make a *Man* with, as he tells us?

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A PERSONAGE IS INTRODUCED OF A MORE EXTRAORDINARY NATURE, THAN HATH EVER YET BEEN RECORDED, IN AUTHENTIC, OR FICTITIOUS HISTORY!

AMONG the travellers who visited my philosophical Uncle, I have an unlucky Minikin, whom, however, I do not deem the least im-

portant personage recorded in this philosophical drama of Nature and Art! I could publish his life in four handsome quartos; though (as I feel in the present chapter) the less I said about my hero, the better it would be for him! And this is not meant as any allusion, though he should turn out as facetious a scoundrel as Leo X. My present hero did much more for philosophy than that ambitious, voluptuous, and immoral pontiff did for those arts, of which he heard so much, and cared so little.

It was when the evening set in of a gloomy December, that a messenger from a neighbouring inn brought the following note to my Uncle:

"One most intimately connected with the late illustrious naturalist Hartzoeker; one who finds a philosophy in pleasure, and a pleasure in philosophy; a wanderer in Eu-

rope, would make a singular physical enquiry!

"The stranger solicits that the first interview may take place in the dark. Does it look suspicious? Every thing which relates to this writer is mysterious! Yet if it is any accommodation to Mr. Jacob, the writer will submit to a quiet and modest light.

"*From the Tumble-down-Dick!*"

My Uncle having read the note, was indulging a system of pleasurable ideas; a little philosophical gallantry! but the whole system was changed by the messenger assuring him, that though the stranger was muffled all over, and no one admitted into the apartment, yet the head-waiter, who had attempted to hand him out of the post-chaise, affirmed, that the stranger could not entirely conceal that he wore boots!

An affair with a pair of boots in the dark, assumed a serious aspect. My Uncle had his

great sepulchral lamp lighted, and I was concealed as a watchful observer. At nine, the stranger was privately announced to my Uncle, and the hall was cleared.

When this mysterious being entered the library, he was so gloved, so capped, and so booted, and without any apology kept his hat on his head—that excepting I observed he walked on all three, in a kind of triangular posture, and that positively he had no nose on his face, I was not sensible, as Jacob declared he was, that this urchin was

A SUPERNATURAL BEING!

With submission to my honoured Uncle, I do not believe a word he said of his *presentiment*—this thing happens to us all, that when we meet with something extraordinary, and draw our inferences *a posteriori*, we really conceive that we did them *a priori*—but in all such cases we do more honour to our discernment than it merits.

Innocent reader! start not! But this creature, whose like has never been biographically recorded, was

AN UNCREATED MAN!

not born of a father and a mother!—the blood is chilled in my veins!—but yet, Madam! this "*new man of feeling*"—this homunculus, this microscopical being, this *primum ens*, this primitive element, this hero of ontology, might have turned out another *Fleetwood*, under the balancing pen of Mr. GODWIN! He was so virtuous, so urbane a being! but a little queer when fantastically furious on a certain point, usually the case with a metaphysical old bachelor, who, from mere whim, marries a girl as fresh as a flower!

Curious reader! the being now presenting himself before thee, would have been considered as a dwarf, even in an island of dwarfs; and Abbe ROCHON might have had the whole figure engraven, as large as life, and still

observed him by a microscope*. His head was thrice broader than his body, which fortunate accident had made such a hodmandod one of the greatest philosophers of this age; but it had also given the appearance of those rude and grotesque figures which German wit carves out for a humorous pair of nut-

* The existence of the *Kimos*, or tiny dwarfs in the centre of the Isle of Madagascar, was long discredited. Abbé ROCHON, wishing to put to rest our too wakeful suspicion, has actually recently described them, as his very particular friends. He assures us, they do not exceed in height *three feet*, but then they possess a wonderful *intellect!* I own, for the sake of poor CAMPER, I do not credit there can be such *tiny philosophers* in the world—the very humming birds of human nature! Yet, I myself am so scrupulous in my veracity, that I dare say ROCHON is as much so. He tells us he formed intimacies with these dandiprats; yet surely the *Kimoses* never asked the Frenchman into their houses—if they meant to keep one over their heads. One is curious to know how the Gallic *voyageur* contrived to *persifler* a Kimos! he must have stooped—but that a Frenchman will not find difficult.

crackers—or what is more spiritedly fantastical, one of those devilets of CALLOT, which so well mimic human life, and have scarce any thing human about them* !

There was an amiable modesty in this homunculus, which instantly won on the humanity of my Uncle. It was evident the urchin felt itself an object of commiseration; a pathetic melancholy was thrown over its whole figure, powerfully expressing its forlorn state.

" Be seated, sir !" said Jacob, looking on the boots.

The stranger sighed against the edge of the chair—all awry—as if rubbing against a thistle.

" I fear," said my Uncle, perceiving his extreme restlessness, " that in travelling, you have suffered an attrition of the fine cuticle

* See his temptation of St. Anthony; one of the most original inventions of the ludicrous.

of the skin, an excoriation of the epidermis; in plain English, you have lost leather! a malady among young travellers, and which I am surprised Dr. WILLAN has not noticed in his elaborate treatise on 'the Diseases of the Skin'!"

The stranger burst into a shower of tears, and cried, "I never could sit on a chair!"

"Strange!" exclaimed Jacob,—"a man like you—"

The urchin interrupted my Uncle with a wildness in his gestures—he violently addressed Heaven, as a persecuted innocent; an unborn wretch!—then his piety seemed greater than his sufferings, and brushing away with the back of his hand some drops that glittered on his lids, he relapsed into his own natural sweet melancholy, and exclaimed—"I am no man!"

"Your pardon!" cried my Uncle, bow-

ing to his boots. " Of the lovelier sex then ?" he added in a chuckling tone.

" Sir ! I am no woman !" solemnly replied the tristful thing !

" I understand you now !" said Jacob, his eye gloating with curiosity—" You are that perfect philosopher, Mons. De Sales tells us, *qui se suffit à lui meme* !*"

* The author of " *La Philosophie de la Nature*" informs us what race of human beings he deems the most perfect—and to the astonishment of the innocent reader, they turn out to be *hermaphrodites !*—that is, those who have at once two sexes ! He shews, that in the golden age all were hermaphrodites ; and Plato describes the first men as *Androgynes*. To have only one sex, is a state of degeneration. See *vol.* v. *p.* 280.

But what is more extraordinary, he blames legislators for their intolerance in considering such to be monsters ! and advises the most perfect of all hermaphrodites (if any such may be found), who can become father and mother without any assistance, to people a desert ! " May that amiable being," (he cries) " tranquil in a desert island which he himself can people, bless the Divine Being that

Here he uttered a strange sound of vexation, something like that of a rattlesnake in a rage—his throat and his ear were not finely adjusted to each other, as in the human species; so that all his musical sounds were thrown out at random.

" You cannot understand me!" (cried he) " I am the sport, not of nature, but of science!"

My Uncle rose with trepidation—" Did you not tell me, you were intimately connected with the great naturalist, HARTZOEKER?"

The miserable thing felt my Uncle's reproach. " Sir," (he replied) " I am no

he is sufficient for himself! and console himself for the persecution of legislators!" Still more extraordinary! he thinks he has discovered a spot on the globe, where such beings exist!—It is in those vast deserts of Africa, which the fire devours in silence, and which seem for ever inaccessible to a timid sex, from the skies and tigers, who there unite to make a vast grave of Nature herself!" *vol.* v. *p.* 269.

impostor! I am, I do not know what!—but still an ethical being! Behold in me, the miserable fruit of *experimental philosophy!* There is nothing perfectly human about me; yet I proudly bear the resemblance of man! but here I am so curtailed, or there I am so redundant, I am so huddled together, nay, my *birth* itself has been such a process, that standing as I do in the midst of creation, I ask myself, Why am I here? I dare not rank myself in the scale of being!"

My Uncle's curiosity was as great as any philosopher's; but frighten a man, and he has no curiosity at all.

The truth is, the urchin now exhibited signs too evident that he was—a supernatural being!

This homunculus was a profound Lavaterist; for though he could not make man his model—he did his study! But whenever he was stung by the sense of his misfortunes,

and moreover being endowed with too exquisite a penetration for his own happiness, the dandiprat was choleric, like all other diminutive beings, whose sensibility is inverse to their forms; greater, as they are smaller.

His two eyes (he had a pair) had hitherto looked like two ink-blots; they now suddenly stretched half down his gigantic Chinese face. Ungloving himself, for his fingers he did exhibit several black attenuated feelers, and these he lay on my Uncle's hand, who felt them crawling over him, like the legs of a spider!

My Uncle's blood run cold under them—and so turning himself a little from the urchin, inclining towards the door, he effected a stride or two, but petrified, he did not venture to turn towards the urchin; yet wishing to observe if he was advancing on him, he bethought himself to bend his head downwards, and peep between his own im-

moveable legs, and there he saw, what made him reel towards a chair, when palpitating with terror he exclaimed, "I can bear no more!"

Can you credit it? the urchin was parading about my terrified Uncle on all fours, wagging a red fox-like tail, which hitherto he. had concealed with such painful politeness.

I know that to the Philos there is nothing extraordinary in all this—their souls would not have been harrowed up at the sight of one of these *homines caudati*, or tailed men; but as I am always a Christian, and my philosophical Uncle too when he was frightened, we were shocked at this degradation of our species*.

* Is is well known that Lord MONBODDO has reared a whole system on the notion that men formerly wore tails. See the history of tailed men in his Origin of Language, *vol.* i. *book* 2. *ch.* 3. One of his confirmations is a story of a Scotch

" Ah!" exclaimed the urchin, while he crawled on all fours, but strangely affected

schoolmaster, who underwent the operation of having his tail rescinded, but he was afterwards so fondly attached to it, that whenever he travelled (such was his brutish disposition) he always carried it about him in a small box.

Now Mr. WHITE, in his " Gradation of MAN," *p.* 24, saith—" *It is necessary to discountenance the opinion* of Lord MONBODDO, that some of the human species *have tails !* Were this true, it would break the *law of gradation ;* for in descending through the *species of apes* (the Philos always affront us in this sly manner !) we meet with *no tails* till we reach the *baboons*, which are *farther removed from* MAN than *the apes are !*"

Thus by magic would Mr. WHITE do away the interesting discovery of the great Scotch metaphysician—but very unfairly ! He asserts, *a man cannot have a tail*, because it is *against the* LAW of the SCALE OF GRADATION *in Man !* But my Uncle insisted (having adopted the other hypothesis) that this *gradation in man* was Mr. WHITE's own patent invention ; a private concern, not a public matter ; it might not be *Nature's scale !* My Uncle added, he was sorry to say, that we had but too many proofs that men are brutes, and had worn tails !

My Uncle liberally allowed any antagonist on this head all the ancient authorities, as so much dust in

by a conflict of passions, he chuckled like a hen, pittered like a grasshopper, and ended

the wavering scales of argument; though he would add, St. Austin tells us he had preached to a people without heads, and with eyes in their breasts, and I don't like to give that great saint the lie. Now a man with a tail is not half so wonderful to credit, But did it not puzzle LINNÆUS to classify the *homo caudatus*, whether among men or apes; he puts him in the class of man, because "he lights his fire and cooks his own victuals;" a most evident proof of the characteristic dignity of human nature! BULWER tells us, in his day there was a Kentish family all tailed; and indeed, whenever my Uncle quarrelled with any family in that county, he was sure to declare that they were the very family in question. Many of the Irish are tailed. But does not Dr. LOCHNER, in the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, 1689, relate most minutely a case of a tailed boy, and when that learned physician was called in by his disconsolate parents, not suspecting any thing of the matter, he began to unbutton his waistcoat to examine the hardness of his belly; but the father and mother both shook their heads, and declared, that the complaint lay much lower—they would have died before they would have acknowledged that their young Ascanius was tailed. And in 1771 (these were my Uncle's conclusive proofs) did not Dr. GUINDANT publish many cases, all tending to confirm the tailed

in the guttural tones of a Catawba jabbering his *quogkoononogkodtash*—" Pity the horrors that now strike you! Heaven forgive the choleric spasms which seize on me, and spoil in one moment fifty years of sound philosophy! Do not shrink from me! this miserable hand sheds no blood—alas! it has no fingers! though to be sure" (raising the other) " this has a claw like a tiger's* !"

system; and that the islands of Formosa, the Molucca and Philippine, had whole races of men with tails; and BERGMAN, the greatest experimentalist of this age, gives account of people with cats' tails. Now put the Scotch schoolmaster with these authorities, and deny the existence of tailed men, and you are only shutting your eyes on the sun. Thus opined my Uncle!

I refer the reader to Dr. FERRIAR's very curious essay on " the Varieties of Man." He concludes, that the *os coccygis* might sometimes have an accidental elongation, *p.* 222.

* Dr. DARWIN, according to his own system of generation from a filament, conceives, that the entire creation is *one matter*, differently modified.—" From this account" (says he) " of reproduction,

Touched by the philosophical language and the modest demeanour of the inoffensive stranger, and as my Uncle after all, was in *theory* a Monboddist, though he was so frightened when made so by *conviction*, Jacob calmed his terror. He stroked the homunculus by its tail with all the complacency of a theorist.

"This tail of mine," said the homuncu-

it appears that all animals have *a similar* origin, viz. from *a single living filament;* and that the *difference of their former qualities* has arisen *only from the different irritabilities and sensibilities*, or *voluntarities*, or *associabilities* of this *original living filament.*" ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 230. 8vo. edit. and at *p.* 240, he pushes his researches "*millions of ages before the commencement of the history of mankind!*" The Philos, they say, will not believe in their BIBLE, but they can credit all such exquisite madness as DARWIN's and DE SALES's.

Let that be as it may! Dr. DARWIN, alluding to this *original living filament*, says, "In some *this filament*, in its *advances to maturity*, has *acquired hands and fingers*, a fine sense of touch like mankind; in others, it has *acquired claws* or *talons*, as in tigers and eagles." *Vol.* ii. *p.* 236.

lus, " is the source of my perpetual curiosity. Oh! that like the tadpole I could have lost it when I had no farther use for it! In what degree in Mr. WHITE's scale of man do I rank? Has science no consolation?"

My Uncle felt flattered at this appeal to his knowledge as a naturalist; he did not wish to conceal the melancholy truth, nor to offend the nice feelings of the tailed gentleman, so he most cruelly jammed the too curious urchin between a couple of theories.

" Must we then," said my Uncle, " believe that the dignity of human nature consists in a *rump-bone?*"

" Ay," cried the homunculus, thoughtfully shaking its head, " that is the question! LINNÆUS classes *man* among *monkies* and *bats*, and therefore some hope is left for me!"

My Uncle continued—" CASPAR HOFFMAN was convinced by his own experience,

that he was a brute, and therefore did CASPAR adopt the tail system; but hard pushed for proofs and illustrations concerning men with tails, though he acknowledged that the *os coccygis* in untailed animals was indeed no tail, yet he confused his adversaries by asserting, that—it was the *mark of a tail in untailed animals!*"

"This is most consolatory to me!" exclaimed the urchin, highly gratified.

"But" continued my Uncle, "RIOLAN, whose delicacy was excessive concerning the rump-bone of a man—'twas a tender part with him—for he had an hypothesis respecting 'the final cause of the sedentary posture,' poured forth a most bitter invective, and most pompous declamation, against CASPAR, concerning the dignity of human nature, which, he insisted, entirely depended on this *os coccygis*, because, said he, man is a cogitating animal; and the only conve-

venient posture he finds in which to cogitate, is to sit on his rump ; and never could it have been any other thing than the untailed rump; it is so finely constructed and so happily adapted for the sedentary posture."

The current run now against the urchin, who was too sensible that he could never sit on a chair. The little good that honest CASPAR had brought, by my Uncle's impartiality in jumbling the two theories together, RIOLAN had entirely done away.

The urchin was again fermenting through his blighted body; when my Uncle, now somewhat bolder, remonstrated with the choleric creature.

" Alas!" replied the urchin, checking his passion, " You know why *little men* are so choleric. We are soul all over; men of three feet in height are more haughty than men of six—we are so compressed that our passions are too concentrated ; our hearts

are placed so near the great passage of digestion, that they are easily put into a ferment; a palpitation, more or less, suffocates us in our throats, or sends the heart of a little man fuming with our very excrement!"

"I laid before you a couple of cool theories," (said my Uncle) "they required no such violent passion; with a couple of theories, you have only to chuse the most convenient. Your walking on all fours is a more suspicious circumstance than your tail!"

"Your pardon!" (calmly replied the softened urchin.) "On honest CASPAR's system, I assert it to be a remains of the primæval state of innocence. To walk on two legs when Nature has bestowed four, is a posture as unnatural as disadvantageous. I am not of that imperious puppy RIOLAN's opinion, that the sedentary posture characterises man, for to lie down like a dog, one's whole length is much more refreshing; and

civilised men, when most fatigued, do not sit on chairs, but stretch themselves on sofas. By walking on four legs you are more firmly supported, than on a pair; if you slip you will not fall; on four, you see a hundred things which escape you on two. The most thinking philosophers, the only children of nature in this age, have their necks bent, with downcast eyes. The erect look towards Heaven, which some of your naturalists boast as the privilege of man, is in the first place a lie, for 'tis horizontal! and what do you get by it?—a mouthful of air* !"

"You are a very close reasoner," observed my Uncle, "and no doubt you will gratify me by an account, how you were begotten, that I may be able to throw some new light on my new system of generation."

* See these various systems in BLUMENBACH on Generation, *p.* 13.

"Of the processes of animal growth," replied the pensive homunculus with great dignity, "I presume not to resolve the enigma. For eighteen centuries the world was satisfied with the accounts of HIPPOCRATES and ARISTOTLE; one I think was in favour of the right side, while the other, of course, adopted the left. Modern philosophers with their glasses have put the creation into confusion; theory has burst out of theory; and the younger always turned out of doors his elder brothers; theorists are such a very quarrelsome family! Are we extracted from an egg? do we open ourselves in a germ? or do we float along, spermatic creatures, lively and active, to be detected only by the microscope? Are we all much older than we suppose ourselves to be? or are we, every soul of us, of the same age, having been originally pent up in the *ovaria* of our common mother Eve? or do we de-

scend by one original filament elongated from Adam? or is there any connection between us and our first parents* ? Of all this I know nothing !"

" A most lame and impotent conclusion !" (cried my Uncle.) " You seem to have no idea of chemistry ! I have converted my Argand's lamp into a chemical apparatus ; it has a retort and a receiver. I shall probably be able to get a child by my Argand's lamp ; I expect one day, that a certain *combination*

* Some philosophic minds have been greatly distressed, and not without reason, as it has an immediate reference to a right deportment, by the following enquiry—*Is man naturally a biped or a quadruped?* Until this point can be decided, he who walks uprightly does not walk surely ; every step he takes may transgress the fundamental law of nature.—Rousseau, Moscati, Lord Monboddo, &c. have done their utmost to bend the stubborn neck of man down to the earth; Buffon, Zimmerman, and Blumenbach unite their efforts to set him up again.

The curious reader may find their arguments stated in Appendix to Monthly Review, *vol.* lxxx. *p.* 686.

will take place in the upper bell-shaped glass. I suppose you know philosophers have projected men in chemical vases* !"

" Those men must have been as cold as crystal !" observed the homunculus ; " I was not so begotten ! The villanous philosopher my father, wrapt up in his system of spontaneous production, flattered himself

* Professor BLUMENBACH notices PARACELSUS's notion how a man may be manufactured ; the passage is preserved in Dr. GREY's notes to Hudibras. Recently the painter GAUTIER affirmed, that he was able to produce a perfect human embryon. The celebrated HARTZOEKER assures us, he did *see* the little *embryon sitting* in the body of each animalcule in the same *crooked and confined posture* as in the female womb !

He gives an account of an *artificial boy*, blown up with all its perfect parts and in action, in a capacious glass bottle ; but this fond darling of philosophy was of so delicate a texture, that had he been well shaken, he would not have been able to have stood it out ! It required the utmost caution to keep him alive. He could only have been a pencilling of humanity, a piece of crayon colouring which a feather might have brushed away !

that he could make God Almighty's creatures by *veal broth*, or *mashed potatoes**, or by *creating eels* with a little paste and vinegar† !"

"These animalculæ," observed my Uncle, "are very important personages with GOBBO‡ !"

* REAUMUR put some boiling veal broth and hot mashed potatoes into hot phials, closed with glass stopples, and both of them became full of animalculæ, &c.

ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 314. 8vo. edit.

† Eels were probably at first as minute as other microscopic animalcule, but by frequent, perhaps *hourly reproduction*, they gradually became the *large animals* they are, possessing wonderful strength and activity."

TEMPLE OF NATURE, *additional Note* 3.

‡ Modern naturalists, with fine imaginations, have given a new concussion to the curious world, by the miracles and visions of their microscopes! a number of controversies and calculations have mutually destroyed one another.

LEUWENHOEK and HARTZOEKER saw "millions of animalculæ in a drop, less than the smallest grain of sand," and as this drop was the production of a cock, they alarmed their imaginations with more

" My father repeated an experiment which LEUWENHOEK had performed! and

cocks, than can possibly exist on the face of the earth.

But DALEPPATIUS afterwards declared, he saw " one of these animalculæ break through its coat or covering: it was no longer an animalcule, but a real *human body, with two arms and legs, and a breast and a head.*" In fact, it was a little man, not half an hour old!

BUFFON, to convince the world that the whole was a flim-flam of DALEPPATIUS, takes up his terrific multiplication table; he assumes the body of man as an unit, and a spermatic worm of the first generation, being a thousand million of times smaller than a man, it must be expressed by this fraction

$$\frac{1 \text{ MAN!}}{1{,}000{,}000{,}000 \text{ SPERMATIC WORM!}}$$

He pursues the speck to the sixteenth generation, till it drops into the abyss of non-entity! A calculation not less terrific, was made by SPALLANZANI; he calculated the spermatic particle of a toad, designed to fecundate a tadpole, and he finds that it has the

2,994,687,500th *part of a* GRAIN!

In the fluid of the pen now blotting my paper, a world of frogs might float!

But to perform my duty completely, in these pro-

lo! one morning he discovered me by a microscope! and in mad ecstasy picked me up

found commentaries, I must present the world with the words and ideas of a sublimely minute biographer of an animalcule. Take MARTINIERE's account of a pair of the very smallest possible—they are the *volvox bulla*—oval bodies, like soap-bubbles; some are solitary, but they are often seen in small parties of six or nine. MARTINIERE thinks to assist his friend Buffon's system, by assuring us, he saw one of the *most wonderful phenomena of nature!* perhaps, had he not been so impatient, he would not have been disappointed. However, he has been enabled to describe *a pair of these soap-bubbles* in a desperate fray, in an eloquent style. "Like *two strong and active* WRESTLERS, they immediately *rushed together*, and attacked each other *on every side!* sometimes one would *dive*, leaving its adversary on the surface of the water; one would describe a *circular movement*, while the other remained at *rest* in the centre; their motions at length became so rapid as no longer to allow me to *distinguish one from the other*!"—This is dropping the curtain in the abrupt manner of KOTZEBUE, and we are not perfectly gratified by seeing how matters end; the imagination is left to work for itself, and there is an end to its caprices. However, Monsieur MARTINIERE gives a Supplement, which, I confess, is very flat,

with a pin! He sealed me hermetically in a phial, and in secret rapture beheld me expanding like that metallic vegetable, the tree of Diana. At first I was so light, I vibrated in waves and whirled about in a living wheel, as DARWIN describes; at length more quiescent, I had more consistency; and in a more solid shape, he gently poured me out into sunshine and freedom! I was nursed amidst the children of experimental philosophy; I swam with subnatant tadpoles; I frisked with volatile newts; my first com-

after having raised the expectations of the reader with the Achilles and Hector of soap-bubbles!—"Having quitted them for a short time, on my return I found them (would you not imagine, after this fray, that one of the soap-bubbles had shed blood!) *reunited as before, and amicably moving round the edge of the glass, by their common exertions!!*" Animal Biography, *vol.* iii. *p.* 370. Notwithstanding, these strong and active wrestlers, attacking each other on every side, I suspect they never attacked one another at all!

BOBTAIL.

panions of any size were frogs ; and while I wrestled with slippery eels, like an infant Hercules, I grappled the innocent serpents, and triumphed in my cradle !"

My Uncle was nearly stifled by his excessive politeness, and retaining his gravity, he exclaimed, " You are an *homunculus !*"

" I am !" in a humiliated tone, replied the mortified, but affecting thing — " the dignity of creation is not mine* !

* Some of the Philos differ widely among themselves whether these *homunculi* are to be considered with that respect which some do. BLUMENBACH says, " I am at a loss to imagine how another set of philosophers have been induced to dignify these animalculæ of a stagnant animal fluid, to the high rank of the organised germ of successive generations."— Again—" I shall add a few reflections, which to the most uninformed readers will appear sufficient for calling in question this *imaginary dignity* of these *animalculæ !*"

Essay on Generation, p. 9.

Dr. DARWIN even suspects whether these embryons are " gentlemen born ;" for, says he, " if these animalculæ, as seen by the microscope, be ru-

" My father compared me with a favourite fœtus, and I seemed more lovely; a parent is so partial to his own progeny! Often has he told me, that in the glass jar I was born handsome; but as soon as he landed me in atmospheric air, I caught cold! the moisture affected my constitutional delicacy, and monstrous changes took place in my limbs!

" He was long puzzled to decide what to make of me; I seemed like those vegetable monsters, a columbine with a triple nectary, or a primrose with a triple petal; meanwhile I kept shooting out, like the roots of a tulip! He now lamented that he had given me exuberant nutriment, which had diffused

diments of *homunculi*, &c." Again, " I do not assert that these moving particles, visible by the microscope, are *homunciones*, perhaps they may be NO CREATURES AT ALL! but if they are embryons, &c."

ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 209, 8vo. edit.

into a luxuriance of legs, and no arms! He took fright, when he considered he had actually produced a chimera of the ancients, a sphinx or a centaur; and he was long anxious whether the rector of the parish would not insist to burn the only child my father cared for!"

"What pangs of care, what anxieties of curiosity, you must have cost your father!" observed my Uncle.

"His affection increased at every new twist in my mis-shapen body; and every day he had hopes I should assume a new form! I received an excellent private education; but of what aid is philosophy to a man cooked out of veal-broth, and poured hot out of a bottle! I have long sought for a Scotch metaphysician to still the tempest of my soul! I am in the creation, but I do not belong to it!

"Once I cherished a fatal passion for

that masculine-feminine, the late Princess DASHKOFF—she sat in the president's chair in the Royal Society at Petersburgh; yet I considered her as an *imperfect president*; for though she had a beard, she wore no breeches. Surely the president of a scientific society has ever retained that privilege,—though I could never! The Ukase of CATHARINE reversed the grand distinction*. I do not approve of *ladies* as presidents of Royal Societies; their meetings will be consumed in awkward gallantries. EULER gazed on the

* The *manly* portrait of this philosophical amazon, has been lately engraved in the Philos. Mag. She was one of the miracles of a female and despotic reign; a LADY *presiding in a Royal Society!* She *signed* letters on all subjects. I have seen several on map-making, new comets, on logarithms, &c. subjects which must have made her Highness's brain as dry and as hard, as the last remaining biscuit in a voyage round the world. I am surprised the late Empress had not a *Lord Chamberlain petticoated;* a Russian *Ukase* could have converted a *Lady* into a *Lord;* as Ovid relates of Miss *Cenis,* who having

Princess DASHKOFF's twinkling eye, as on those nebula, scarce to be seen at an almost incalculable distance; her capacious bosom PALLAS contemplated as a mountain of snow; and LINNÆUS would have considered her as an hermaphrodite flower!—But you seem cogitating, Mr. Jacob!"

"I am thinking," replied my Uncle, "that a marriage with you, would be a philosophical experiment!"

"I own," replied the *homunculus*, with admirable candour, "that if naturalists are allowed to nurse up all the *homunculi* and

been violated by Neptune, at her own request, was changed into MASTER *Cæneus!*

"Give me no more to suffer such a shame,
But *change the woman*, for a better name!
And while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took," &c.
Dryden's Ovid.

The Princess DASHKOFF, and many of the INSTITUTION LADIES, ought to undergo the same metamorphosis.

the *homunciones* they imagine they see floating before their microscopes, the world has reason to be alarmed at an invasion of 'living filaments.' SPALLANZANI positively *made a dog*, and it is rumoured JOHN HUNTER *made a Lord* !* The creation is in some danger! I wish I was out of it!"

* I acknowledge my favourite author much resembles HOMER; I frequently catch him *nodding*. But I can assure the reader, that his obscurest passages are pregnant with divinest conceptions. In the present one, nothing seems expressed, but it is an Iliad in a nut-shell! I could write a very saleable volume, taking the above line for my text!

In respect to the *philosophy* of this supernatural production, (I mean our author's book,) our author resembles ARISTOTLE! How few possess the golden key to the concealed treasures so deeply buried in these volumes! The diction of our profound genius is allegorical and mystical, and all which appears "flat and unprofitable," is full of instruction! I am indebted for this hint to Mr. T. TAYLOR, the *Platonist*.

Our author frequently gives into the dark spirit of the ACROAMATICAL philosophy, where every thing is to be explained in an occult way; so that what

My Uncle considered the wish of the *homunculus* to be reasonable enough, and that if he were to get rid of himself, it would hardly amount to suicide! However, the *homunculus* was extremely civil; it requested my Uncle would assist in concealing its tail; sighed, as its hat was fastened to its head, and slowly paced with a sweet and melancholy air!

After the departure of this extraordinary personage, my Uncle and I stared each other

is said is not to be understood, but what is to be understood is not said!

According to Mr. TAYLOR, ARISTOTLE had his *acroamatical* and his *exoterical* doctrines. The latter were on the superficial parts of learning, and any one might hear him lecture, as at the Royal Institution! But the former were kept for his particular friends; abstruse flim-flams! Now in respect to the *acroamatical* doctrines of our author, he is to me, what PLATO is to Mr. TAYLOR.—I have had *revelations*, but my bookseller shakes his head at them—so the world is now informed of all I have to say!

BOBTAIL.

in the face, but never a word was spoken! He sat with his philosphical cap on, cogitating on germs, eggs, fluids, animalculæ, Adam and Eve, and veal broth, during the whole month!

CHAPTER XLIII.

Nous serons par NOS LOIX les juges des ouvrages!
Par NOS LOIX, prose et vers, tout nous sera soumis;
Nul n'aura de l'esprit hors NOUS et NOS AMIS!
Nous chercherons par tout a trouver a redire;
Et ne verrons que NOUS, qui SCACHENT BIEN ECRIRE!
MOLIERE.

THE REVIEWERS! BEING A NARRATIVE OF AN ARCH CONSTABLE JOINING A CREW OF JOVIAL BEGGARS!

AN ARCH CONSTABLE* found under a stunted hedge, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, some

* SHENSTONE thanked heaven that his *name* was not subject to be punned on! Our present hero, was not born under so lucky a star! Those who have raised a violent outcry against our author, for punning on a *name!* have shewn their ignorance finely! What a haziness of mind to be insensible to the en-

of those vagrant *literati* who in that part of the country abound, but when they all stood

chanting composition which this hero has produced in the sublime group of the artist.

I abominate puns! But a sturdy commentator must defend his author! It is the privilege then of such a supernatural genius as our author, to commit a *slight impropriety* to produce a *grand effect;* in this instance how bold and fortunate! For in the personification of an ARCH CONSTABLE and his crew of *young vagrants,* he has at a stroke given the world, the *feelings* and the *principles* which actuate that formidable corps, who for ten guineas a sheet menace the annihilation of all the genius and the learning, on this side of the Tweed!

PUNNING too is one of those eminent faculties which distinguish a *man,* from a *brute;* animals I agree, have a language of their own, but they *never pun!* never expressing one thing, and alluding to another! Man, by eminence may be defined a *puniacal animal!*

Again, there must be much more poignant satire in this pun, than some of us are aware of—for it has so frightened our hero, (since our first edition) that he no more publishes himself as an ARCH CONSTABLE, but tremendously stretches himself at full length in the title-pages and blue wrappers, of his Anti-London Journal, as *Archibald!* which shews our constable

up, there was only one of them who had come of age!

At the first impulse, the constable was honest enough to take out his staff and bid the lads follow him to the Tolbooth—but every one of these lads had been *reviewed*, and did not care to undergo the like punishment. The keen rogues, well knew some men's honesty, will not last them ten minutes! so they made the water come into the mouth of the constable (who was likewise a printer) by presenting the prospectus of a *New Review*—to be conducted on PRINCIPLES—not of morality—but of criticism! They positively only wanted a clean shirt and a guinea!

The constable, and his jovial beggars had

has become a *great saint;* for since the days of *Abram,* who, after his *call,* became *Abraham, modern saints* have often conveniently lengthened their names. When Mr. *Hunt,* from a collier, became, as he expresses it, "a vessel of the Lord's," instantly he signed himself *Huntington!* TAG.

R. Dagley del. et sc.

Lemons! Lemons!

like to have flown into splinters at one of their sittings. He had assembled them to prevent some misunderstanding about the conduct of the Review, which had sometimes occurred. He now treated them at a retired ale-house with a smoking fillet of veal for supper—they riotously vociferated LEMONS! LEMONS!

. The niggardly constable conceived they had genius enough to make it pass without the relish! But one of their great critics, a ludicrous genius of a parson, started up, with his cassock in tatters, and flinging his pantaloon cap in the air, he exclaimed—"Without a squeeze of the lemon, how the devil could the constable expect to make the REVIEW sell!"—After supper this critic got up —a broad grin on his face, a critical sneer rough dimpling his dark cheek—and delivered the plan of the Review to his confederates.

GENTLEMEN!!!

"You must accustom yourselves to this

title, and you must not omit the imperial pronoun WE! Pshaw! blockheads! why do you grin at the plurality of a solitary devil of a REVIEWER?

"Existing Reviews are solid as our constable's fillet, but where is the relish? They will not brain the brainless, nor badger a blockhead! No personal invective, no ludicrous exposition, no petulant triumph over unresisting imbecility! We must kyan an author; make a devil of him!

"We will revolutionize! each of us is a legislator! we will pike an author by military execution, and shew there is martial law in our republic!"

Here they all rose, and the constable read a great oath against all *London books!*

"Of all readers (proceeded the critic) the most indiscreet and the most ignorant are the readers of Reviews; bait them, cajole them, but above all make them laugh! Before we

tell them how the book is written, they shall first know how I, and you, and you, think proper it ought to be written. We shall be giving an opinion to thousands, who never would have acquired one but for us! what a public charity we are instituting!

"Select the most valuable passages, that we may insure some good things for our own book; but these will require no commendation! Whenever in a quotation you discover an unlucky expression, stop short!—that will secure a good effect!

"Make a noble use of invective; invective will give many life-touches to your piece! Equivocal panegyric will make a reader laugh outright; and malicious innuendo shall make the haughtiest author bend down to a rejoinder; pointed assertion gives a strange pleasure to an innocent reader; and has not ridicule its brilliant point, and irony its burning caustic? Let them cry out murder!

what great harm! who will have the temerity to attack us? None!—but a conjurer who can bathe his hands in boiling oil! Who will keep mumbling at the tough gristle of their arguments, while our criminal leaves will be licked up, covered with poignant salt and acid pleasantry!"

The constable interrupted the orator—"Would not some books appear *too good*, or *too bad*, to suit the plan of their Review?"

The critic rejoined—"In this lies the *grand secret* of our ART! We are to hit the vulnerable heel of each literary Achilles. No work of genius can unite opposite characters of excellence. The merits of the finest writers may be compressed in one impressive sentence; the qualities adverse to their genius will afford us pages! Here we open a perpetual fountain of criticism, whence 'the waters of bitterness' can never cease to well!"

A critic started up, and wiping away a little curd of foam, slavering his lips, cried—"On this principle I have framed articles on Pope, on Richardson, and on Young—as specimens for the use of the society! These were all men of genius; but I defy any one to discover this by my account of their works. I have hinted at their real merits with great caution and obscurity—"

"Bravo!"—cried the Constable—"away with these precious models to the archives of the society!"—saying this, he crammed them into a small cupboard with their hard crusts and cold haggess. "My friend!"—he continued, while he cut the rind of a lemon, and presented it to the ingenious critic—"your eyes are disordered! rub them well with this lemon-rind; bitterness! bitterness! for that unwholesome rheum!"

The great critic resumed—"We hold an optical mirror; so rough and curved, it can-

not fail to shew very amusing distorted figures; the most natural face becomes absurdly long, crooked, or broad, changing through every degree of obliquity. Beneath it, the beautiful arm of the loveliest of the Graces would exhibit a skin rough and uneven, full of hairy excrescences and gaping apertures! Distil the freshest roses through an alembic tinged with gall, and the rose-water shall lose its sweetness! A work solid and instructive, rate with vivacity for not exhilarating us with pleasantry and wit; or if pleasantry and wit freshen, damn it for not being solid and instructive. In a labour of painful erudition, exclaim, how heavily it moves! If it display the charms of composition, lament over the superficial graces! throw into your articles an artful prodigality of the *pour* and the *contre*, you will madden the author, and tickle a thousand readers! They will be astonished at being shewn the possibility of the

same author uniting in one work the extremes of talent and imbecility, as we shall pretend to discover in our first writers."

"Zounds!" exclaimed one, "this fellow has had already lords, bishops, and counts, at his pleasure, and I have been kept down to a miss, with an odd doctor or two, and a baronet not worth mentioning!"

"How!" retorted the critic—"did I not caution Miss BAILLIE not to lie in of twins, in her odd way; writing a comedy and a tragedy on a single passion!" I triumphed! the lady submitted, and you had the impudence, 'to retract and disavow OUR arguments' * !"

* See EDINBURGH REVIEW, *vol.* ii. *p.* 286.—"If Miss BAILLIE will relinquish her plan of producing twin dramas on each of the passions, we shall soon have the satisfaction," &c. In *vol.* v. *p.* 405, "Though we were not so sanguine as to hope that Miss BAILLIE would be converted by our arguments, we did not expect to be so soon compelled to *retract* or *disavow them!*"

The same *critical trick* is played off on several es-

His antagonist retorted—" When I commended Dr. R— for his ' command of language and his power of style,' you slipt in at the close of the article a sudden discovery that this eloquence was ' the draggling and the daubing of a ponderous limner, after the ethereal touches of Burke !' Then you burst on us with such a portrait* !

teemed writers! The ivy of criticism covers their dirk—for they never thus use a Scotch friend.

* See this article, *vol.* i. *p.* 83. The critic tells us that " all modern English sermons are nothing but tedious essays," their characteristic " decent debility" and such they must remain !—But he himself has published a volume of Sermons! and he probably does not think so ill of *all* our modern ones! The fact is, the critic is a rival of all publishers of Sermons; a rival may be (as he is) a man of genius, but a very unfair critic. Dr. Young has querulously told the world, how harshly he has been treated by a young gentleman, who has tried experiments on the same subject. Dr. Brown thought proper publicly to decline all connection with them ; Mr. Barrow, Mr. Shepherd, and many others have detailed a catalogue of griefs; several have fatigued themselves with cor-

" Blockhead! was it not hit to the life? Was it not exquisitely personal? Constable! (asked the great critic) did we not agree to give a character to our Review?"

" By taking away that of every one who comes in our way!" retorted his antagonist.

" We are literary oculists," observed the great critic; " and we are to make the blind see!"

" Couch cataracts, if you please; but to remove the film asks a tender hand—you would tear a man's eyes out!" cried the honest critic. " In the malice of the age you will find a patronage which BAYLE would have blushed at! You are erecting an Inqui-

recting their blunders; but the list of respectable writers whose feelings are silent and indignant is now very copious. Their monastic habits have contracted the liberal views of a man of letters; they are ingeniously compared to barrack soldiers, who are always more ferocious than those who mix with their fellow citizens.

sitorial Court: authors are not to be *tried*, but *condemned!* Modest genius shrinks in horror from the public eye, when such are the distributors of public favour! The true interests of literature must be sacrificed to a small intemperate and unfeeling cabal! Laborious erudition sees its labour of many years degraded by the pert causticity of one morning! He who formed volumes for posterity, views his hard-earned fame dissipated by epigrams in prose! The vigour of genius itself you render impotent by your witchcraft; you paralyse it into helpless imbecility, by that systematic criticism which may fill your pages for ever, but not one solitary period shall prove, you ever *felt* a poetical conception! Now, that some authors may get a chance in their favour, I propose that before we review the work of genius or learning, we should throw *dice!* Seven's the main! If I nick it, candid criticism! If crabs, let the rabid editor enjoy his solitary mordacity."

The Constable would not consent to any die being thrown in favour of a *London author!*

"With this principle of perpetual censure, you are most liable to blunder. You cried out against Mr. Shepherd for not noticing Poggio's Italian works! He publicly *informed us* of this heavy absurdity. The author imagined that we all knew, who are critics by profession, what every man of letters does, that the learned in Poggio's age never wrote in Italian! Did not you blunder there too, calling the sovereign of Milan, the *Emperor?* Believe me, we are all too young! I myself have not yet completed the first sessions of my medical studies; and yet I am to decide on the labours of many a grey-haired Hippocrates!"

"No more of this!" cried the constable; "I have corrected them as cunningly as I could *!"

* In the *first* edition appears, *vol.* i. *p.* 48, "The

Here the concealed jealousies of several exploded in a loud clash of recrimination! Au-

Emperor of Milan!" When Mr. Shepherd spread an alarm concerning this *new Emperor,* the Edinburgh Reviewers were themselves startled; and as he was an Emperor of their *first edition,* they made him quietly abdicate and silently degraded him to a *Duke* of the *second edition!*

But the great difficulty occurred respecting the *Italian writings of Poggio.* These in fact are non-entities. In the *first edition* they confidently talked of them, as if they really had read them. They regret Mr. Shepherd did not introduce more specimens of Poggio's Latin compositions, and *some of his Italian, p.* 50, *first edition.* After they had received the author's public correction, they were averse to expunge their notice of these Italian works. It would have been too broad and ugly a blot! So in their *second edition,* most lamely they add, retaining their former words, "*which however we know nothing about!*" Observe the art of the constable! He will not tell his readers that positively no such things exist, but with an air of critical quackery talks of these non-existencies; he clings to a forlorn hope that some Italian works of Poggio may be hereafter found! I wonder he yielded up so easily to Mr. Shepherd, the imperial empire—of Milan. Mr. Shepherd's letter is preserved in *Monthly Magazine, vol.* xvi. *p.* 401.

thor was pitted against author in a tumult of criticism! a hundred stories might here be told, and every story, a secret! Some were querulous, and others were bluff. The result however was, that most of the authors had been reviewed, without any *mala anima*, as poachers in their nightly operations only snare their game to obtain their daily bread. Others indeed had been fixed on, as spiders in their extensive web lie perdue, and only dart out to suck the vitals of a more innocent rival. Some compromises were made; and several agreed among themselves to give accounts of their own books, with mutual compliment. As eulogium was a most rare thing in the Review, it would electrify the purses of their readers; and a moderate work with all the defects passed over, would succeed better than a most excellent work, with all its defects magnified and disserted on!

While this hot hubbub was raging, one of the corps was slipping away the Sabbath, "a poem."

The honest critic caught him in the act—"Have you the heart?" cried he; "the author lives next door to you; but if genius ranked a man in his proper place, he could never be your neighbour!—such an interval comes between you!"

The sly purloiner of "the Sabbath" archly turned on the honest critic.—"Am I a mere graduate in this our university for damnation? Master Constable, I will speak right well of that poem; an accusation, a suspicion and an innuendo, can damn it!—had Virgil written it!"

"My dear fellow," replied the Constable, your ink is hot, and your heart is cold; your pen can blister any author!"

"No man shall come clean out of my

hands! Were an angel to be reviewed I would smut his wing.—But this fellow here, Constable! is not fit company for us * !"

* See the Review of the beautiful poem of "the Sabbath."—*vol.* v. *p.* 437. A specimen of the specious manner in which any poem may be reviewed by any person, who is born, and still lives on, without a solitary poetical feeling.

Observe in that Review of "the Sabbath" the cold sarcasm—the malignant insinuation—and the quibbling criticism that Sunday is not *calmer* than any other day, as if the respite of all the *sounds of labour* did not produce the beautiful effect so poetically selected. The most curious parts are those where a kind of eulogium is conveyed, which in the next paragraph is carefully obliterated from the reader's mind. It was necessary to bestow some penurious approbation, that the character of the Review might not be ruined—for the first edition had then been warmly received.

However it seems, the whole originated in a blunder! The critic did not know at the time, that it was the composition of an intimate friend. When he did he had the grace to confess, that he thought it was the production of a methodist parson! so that to judge of the Æneid, this critic would first be more curious to know where Virgil lodged, and damn him if he was a methodist parson!

More than one finished poetical criticism however

The constable sat lumpishly, like a father amidst these family quarrels. A tear clung like a hail-stone in his eye, over-charged with whisky; he held his glass downwards, the last sediment dripped from it!—"Ah" he exclaimed querulously, "I see how all this must end!"

Suddenly with a merry air he offered a pinch of his Gillespie to the honest critic.—Oh! that never honest soul had to take "a pickle of their sneezing!"

This critic had in him so much natural ho-

may be discovered among these *diatribes*, dictated in the exquisite language of delicacy of taste, by the imagination, and not by system! It is the GRACES accompanying the MUSE, they will criticise, but they also will adorn! The opening of the Review of Mr. Southey's Madoc is of perpetual value. The great beauties of a poet who abounds with great defects, are displayed in a full light. TAG.

I suspect however that the same critic flim-flammed his readers about *that miracle*—a SONNET. See our *vol.* ii. *p.* 41. Winkelman would swear they all live *too northwards!* RAG.

nesty that it had organised his nose. Had LAVATER inspected his nose, he would have cried out, this is a very honest fellow indeed! —But he has the nose of a fool!

He had hardly titillated his nose, when the honest critic was carried off in epilepsy!

'Twas a master-stroke of policy of the constable's—He shewed the whole assembled corps what he would do; and since that day they have been so frightened at the constable's snuff-box, that they have submitted themselves soul and body, to his grand conspiracy against all *London books!* The constable's snuff-box resembled the much-rumoured *aqua toffana*, that subtile poison which the *illuminati* pretended to possess, and which made the whole brotherhood tremblingly comply with the mandates of their high inquisitor!

The great critic now proceeded. "We must select, at least, three works to banter, though the authors be obscure, and the

works unimportant! We have declared in our preface, that we shall only notice "works that have *attained* or *deserve* celebrity!" No matter what an author says in a preface! We must give our reader many a good joke for his crown-pieces! if we have any epigram among us we must club our wit! Here is a banter of Dr. RENNEL's amorphous HAT, and a joke in Greek about Dr. PARR's sesquipedelian *wig* *.

"For the last exquisite stroke of your pencil, after having asserted that the author did not know how to write his book, favour the world with this desideratum. In a dozen volatile

* See *vol.* i. *p.* 18, for Dr. PARR's wig, and *vol.* i. *p.* 89, for Dr. RENNELL's hat—a new species of *literary personality*, whereby the *peruke-makers* and the *hatters* of men of learning are liable to share in the bitterness of criticism. The portrait of Dr. R——, can only be equalled by the "imperative presence" of the Doctor himself—yet hardly that! so powerful is the illusion raised by the pencil of a master!

pages of your own, persuade the reader they contain all that is requisite to be known; and you may add, when your fancy is sportive, and your dinner for that day secured, some theory of your own, of which the merit will consist in the eccentricity of your opinion, the confidence of your assertion, and the brilliancy of your style!"

Such was the plan, and such the principles of these young reviewers. My Uncle received this jovial crew charitably under his own roof—my old grandfather's Hock was entirely surrendered to these lads. Good easy man! he opened his heart to them! he only wished to secure a decent seat in their tremendous journal. The PLEIADES too offered to make them corresponding members. As soon as the jovial beggars received this notice, they scampered like so many hey-go-mad devils down to Edinburgh, and extinguished our star-light in their following Review!

CHAPTER XLIV.

Turpissimum est nobis LATRONES et LENONES majore inter se consensione vivere, quam eruditos.

LUDOVICUS VIVES.

It is most shameful that THIEVES and PANDERS should live more friendly together than the LEARNED!

LITERARY QUARRELS!

WHEN the REVIEW arrived, it was my fate to open that awful dispatch. The hand-writing on the wall was not more clear nor terrific!—It was the finger of WILMOT! I found his very expressions! It denounced an exterminating war to our small phalanx! At the preluding flourish I was in a stupor!

Awakened by a small, low, sibillant noise, I beheld the members hissing at one another! Red eyes, sneering noses, and acid tongues! Who could have imagined this? Every soul was bursting with a secret—that not one hitherto but had masked his real sentiments; they had stifled themselves with roses, which had been thrown away with mutual prodigality; each, merely to insure his own papers being inserted in the "Memoirs of the Pleiades," had humoured and applauded the whiffle-scribble of his brother!

But against my Uncle, as President of the Cat and Fiddle, the members seemed more bitterly enraged—they petrified his genius, they iced his tongue! they all swore that his Essays were the maggots, that had fly-blown their literary venison!

Then the no-sale of our book, and the increasing demand of the Review, which had so entertained the world with us all, set the

village-laughers at us—insomuch, that not a member of the Cat and Fiddle cared to meet one another—or any living person !

Instead of fraternal consolation, they re-criminated ; the whole party was breaking up, with perpetual opposition and caustic ridicule.

Bulbo raged like a mad bull : he seemed to have the parts and education of a brute ! He tired us out, and claimed all the merits of his prize ox, as if they had been his own ! He first attacked Contour about his mode of making his cattle *picturesque !* The dilettante, who seemed to have no other idea about a horse or a cow, than that they were to be looked at, starved them into picturesque forms. He exulted in the ruggedness of their coat, the angular projection of their bones, and the delightful light and shade of the skeleton forms ; he had starved several into such picturesque perfection, that the amateur mourn-

ed in the experiment that they died of *leanness*, as BULBO's perished with *obesity*.

BULBO, one day mounted on his great Flander's horse, looked down with a grin on CONTOUR, who at his side was pacing on a wild forester, a ragged starvling; yet all the way was CONTOUR harping on the charms of his courser, and exulting that he had not an animal but a painter's eye would dwell on for a sketch after nature* !

BULBO insisted on the majesty and magnitude of his horse; the glossy skin, and rounded plumpness ! stroking his neck, and crying out—"How smooth !" He added, "Even you acknowledge all *smooth bodies are beautiful !*"

* See GILPIN on Picturesque Beauty, *p.* 20.—Mr. PRICE's picturesque horse is the wild forester, with his rough coat, his mane and tail ragged and uneven; or the *worn-out cart-horse* with his *staring bones*.

PRICE *on the Picturesque, vol. p.* 71.

" As for smoothness being beauty," (replied CONTOUR) " I thought so last week, but have since changed my mind * !"

BULBO exclaimed at the caprice of picturesquists.

* Mr.R.P.KNIGHT, in his "Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste," *p.* 31, rallies Mr. BURKE's theory of the beautiful, as it relates to *smooth bodies*. He shews, that " the notion of *smoothness* being *beauty*, arises, like many other erroneous notions of the same kind, from the common mistake of a particular sexual sympathy for a general principle." The pleasures of *touch*, except the sexual, are few. He then flim-flams Mr. BURKE's theory—" That elegant author," (he says) " has expatiated upon the gratifications of feeling smooth and undulating surfaces in general; but I believe these gratifications have been confined to himself; and probably to his own imagination acting through the medium of his favourite system; for (except in the communication of the sexes) I have never heard of any person being addicted to such luxuries; though *feeling a board* would certainly afford as cheap and innocent a gratification as either a smelling-bottle, a picture, or a flute, provided it were capable of affording any gratification at all." *p.* 31.—Thus it appears, TASTE is as liable as SCIENCE, to be convulsed by the shocks of new systems.

"No," replied CONTOUR, "it is not caprice that induces us to change our systems with our almanacks, but we find it impossible to understand one another* !"

* Mr. R. P. KNIGHT has, in my opinion, gone deeper than any other writer in settling this confusion of *terms*, rather than of *feelings*. The latter have always been correct, in every well organised head, but the *terms* have been the perpetual source of the most lively controversies, and some ludicrous misconceptions, which have even confused the theorist to accord with his own theory.

Mr. KNIGHT shews distinctly why an object becomes agreeable, in Art, which is very far from being so in Nature. In the imitative representation, the agreeable qualities of the object are retained, while the offensive ones do not appear.

Mr. PRICE considers beauty insipid, because he confines it to *smoothness*: and to remedy this defect, proposes to mix with it what he calls *picturesqueness*. On which Mr. KNIGHT observes, that "whosoever thinks BEAUTY *insipid*, and conceives that the addition of any other quality is requisite to make it pleasing, has only involved himself in *a confusion of terms*, by attaching to the word *beauty* those ideas which the rest of mankind attach to the word *insipidity!* And those which the rest of mankind attach

" Well, then, is my horse not sublime?" asked BULBO, sneering.

" Sublime!" (cried CONTOUR!) " Ride on a wolf, or a lion, or a mad bull, these would be sublime, provided that terror is a source of the sublime; but even of that I begin to doubt!"

" Since your travels through Greece, you seem to suspect every one of your feelings!"

" I have no doubts concerning the *picturesque;* though I have of the *sublime* and the *beautiful!* The horse I ride had Berghem seen, Berghem had instantly ———"

" He would not certainly have mounted

to the word *beauty,* to this nameless amalgamation, which he conceives to be an improvement of it," *p.* 75. So much for the *picturesque!* Mr. KNIGHT felicitates himself that in these *disputes* nothing but ink and not blood has been shed—but a *like difference* in TERMS, in metaphysics, moral phslosophy, and in religion, has inflamed the passions of an entire nation!

on such a scraggy beast!" interruped BULBO.

"We Picturesquists care not about *riding horses!* Berghem, I say, had instantly set down before him, to sketch. The *richness* of the *surface* of my horse, instantly irritates and charms!"

"Richness of surface!" (cried the prime-breeder) "on the bony body of that ragged Rosinante there is not a pound of solid flesh, spread like gold-beater's skin!"

"Richness of surface" (repeated firmly the amateur) "consists in a *variety of little parts*, in which the light shining shews all its small inequalities and roughnesses; or in the painter's language, my horse is full of *catching-lights!* But your smooth, glossy, bellying horse is as insipid, as a piece of varnished mahogany placed against the sun!"

"Full of *catching lights!*" (exclaimed BULBO) "Yes! and whenever your pictu-

resque horse catches the light, I wonder the miserable transparency can bear it! for it runs through him!"

You may easily imagine how, after this, they bore an invincible animosity against each other.

Then BULBO had a most lively disagreement with GOBBO about a new esculent which VALLISNERIA pretended she had made, almost out of nothing! It was got, as the printed report says, by *superfetation!* she said it was a *new grey pea* !*—At this GOBBO caught fire: "You will not," (cried he,)

* See a curious Essay "On the fecundation of vegetables, by THOMAS ANDREWS KNIGHT, Esq." This gentleman is an adversary of BULBO, and is of opinion that "considerable advantages are obtained by breeding from males and females *not related to each other*;" and would bring this "*cross-breeding*" into the vegetable world! The happy consequence of his system has been, that by introducing the farina of two different peas, he actually produced—a new grey pea!

NICHOLSON'S *Journal, vol.* iii. *p.* 458. 4to.

TAG.

" admire my *mixture of species*, my rabbit-chickens and turkey-frogs, and yet you allow your wife plenty of *cross-breeding*, among her botanical tribes!" BULBO here violently inveighed against GOBBO's " mountebank doctrines of crossing dissimilar breeds, and putting the creation into confusion* !"

At length GOBBO having ventured to prognosticate what kind of a *summer* we were to have, and of course the price of *wheat*, BULBO was induced to turn out a monopolist; but the summer was fine, the harvest plentiful, and BULBO was the only man in the parish who was disappointed—a disappoint-

* Lord SOMERVILLE starts with abhorrence at the system of Mr. T. A. KNIGHT; and with great indignation the Noble Agriculturist exclaims—" To the *mountebank doctrines of crossing dissimilar breeds*, which nature in its infinite wisdom had set asunder, we are indebted for *much confusion!*"

DIXON'S *Practical Agriculture*, *vol.* ii. *p.* 1103.

ment he wreaked on the prophet GOBBO *! One day he found GOBBO on the side of a pool of stagnant water, applying his eyes, soul and body, to watching the habits of that

* Dr. BEDDOES imagines he has discovered the *means of foretelling the character of the summer season !*—a very important addition for the learned FRANCIS MOORE's *Almanack*. Dr. BEDDOES has *prophesied* (such is his term) according to the following rule :—" *If there be an unusual fall of snow in the countries to the N. and N.E. our summer,* cæteris paribus, *will be cold and wet.*"—" An unusual fall of snow in *England* may often accompany an unusual fall in the countries from *Jutland to Tobolsk !*"

Such is this *discovery,* which makes the modern Seer proudly assume the hallowed name of *prophet !* What odd connexions is Philoism forming for us ! The honest John Bulls in London must now take a particular interest in the health of the natives of *Jutland to Tobolsk ;* and if the Jutlanders and Tobolskans are catarrhic, must themselves prepare to have catarrhs ! Again, if *heavy snows* fall from *Jutland* to *Tobolsk,* a man ought to give up distant excursions at *home,* as none of us care for parties of pleasure in *cold* and *wet summers !* He may also foretell *bad harvests,* and try to *make hay while the sun shines !* A hundred other useful inferences may be drawn from

small, crustaceous, monoculous animal, called the *water-flea!* GOBBO discovered a most singular fact — how these water-fleas procreate to the sixth generation, without any recourse to the male! He wanting a

this *discovery;* provided some ambassador be there sent to communicate to us when a *heavy fall of snow takes place from Jutland to Tobolsk!*

But (such are the *discoveries* or *prophecies* of our Philos!) the Doctor suspects his own system! He was writing in the summer of 1801, and the *fair* weather was *foul,* according to his system! So because he blunders, he makes *another discovery.* He " does not pretend to be acquainted with *all the different causes* of atmospherical refrigeration; he only points out one; but this it seems is capable of *counteraction!*" After this, I advise FRANCIS MOORE to go on as heretofore, prosperously vending annually 20,000 of his *predictions,* meteorological and political!—without any great sweating of his brains—his words at random being placed in very wide spaces. I am positive they are as *correct* as any Dr. BEDDOES can supply him with!

NICHOLSON'S *Journal, vol.* v. *p.* 131. 4to.

TAG.

witness, rashly called on BULBO! While he was shewing BULBO these "generations without conjunction," he and his microscope dashed together into this stagnant pool!—Can there be a doubt that it was an act of treachery on the part of BULBO? though GOBBO could not be positive, absorbed as he was at the time, in the contemplation of the sixth generation of a water-flea*!

CONTOUR flouted my Uncle about his *chimnies!* My Uncle was proud of his chimnies; he pointed to them as the creatures of his own philosophical fancy;—they smoked in no quarter of the compass!—"A bricklayer" (cried my Uncle) "might look down

* See an account of this discovery, effected by Citizen JURINE—he has done for this nearly invisible inhabitant of a stagnant pool, what escaped the *eyes* of several great naturalists, to the universal satisfaction of all *flea-hunters!*

NICHOLSON'S *Journal, vol.* v. *p.* 280. 4to.

those chimnies and have marvelled at the philosopher; and an emperor might have looked up to them, and have sighed to have fixed them on his palace." These darlings of my Uncle's soul, CONTOUR was perpetually upbraiding him for; he pronounced they formed "a most wretched meagre outline," being "single, tall, and thin*!"

* Mr. PRICE tells us a most melancholy story of a worthy country gentleman, who rebuilt a number of houses in his village.—"*Neatness* and *comfort* he had liberally bestowed on them;" (and what more ought Mr. PRICE to have expected from this honest christian of a Squire?) But to express oneself in classical style, *ab urbe condita!* this rural Rome had a deplorable foundation! most querulously Mr. PRICE exclaims—"The CHIMNIES *are all single, tall and thin!* I could not help lamenting that an undertaking which, in *other respects*, deserved so much praise, should have produced *the most wretched meagre outline* I ever beheld!"—Then most feelingly he continues—"It is the more provoking, as the village is *beautifully backed with trees*, which serve to shew with *perfect distinctness all these long detached tubes*;" that is, the aforesaid "single, tall and thin chimnies,"

At length, when CONTOUR had prepared for the press his "Contemplations on OUTLINE," he requested my Uncle to write the preface. Jacob, flattered by the request, politely insinuated to CONTOUR, that no one could write it better than himself! "True!" replied the insolent Raphael, "but I do not like too attractive a preface; I ask you to write it, because I wish to *under-write* myself!"

Even that miserable hound of literature, DICK, pricked my Uncle with a dozen of epigrams, blunt and pointed, till the tears started in his eyes!

BULBO (who himself every day had more of the *beast* in him) called my Uncle an ASS! CICERO called PISO an ass! what an affair this was for PISO and JACOB!

which this worthy Squire had built merely for the purpose to let the smoke out of the houses of his tenants.

PRICE *on the Picturesque, vol.* ii. *p.* 408.

And yet my poor Uncle took it from the placability of his subdued temper, trode on, as he was then, by the hoof of the public—not as *a man*—but as *a grammarian!* He defied BULBO to shew that he had more of the ass in him than BULBO himself had!—and civilly requested him for the future not to use *terms*, or even *words*, which evidently, if considered in a strict *grammatical sense*, had no meaning attached to them.

O that every literary invective were thus analysed and syntaxed! O that every literato, when he is thus named, or nick-named, would consider himself as a *grammarian* as well as a *man!* So should they see all the fulminating powder without ball, of literary blunderbusses, smoke, but not wound!

Is this, then, I cried, a sublime brotherhood of LITERATURE? Are writers in prose as little to be trusted as writers in verse? What! all cocks in a battle-royal! Can a

philosopher, soaring into a system of his *own creation*, cringe and back-bite? Are THE LITERATI (always meaning such as constellated at the Cat and Fiddle,) men, who when they are *our friends*, we ought to live with as if they were one day to be *our enemies?*

I must say this for CACONOUS, he was never affected like the volatile geniuses at the Cat and Fiddle. After the Review had damned him, he *reasoned* about Reviewers—and with his usual sophistry remarked, "after all, *a Reviewer* is not *Hobbes*'s *Leviathan;* one man composed of a thousand men; he is but one man, such as we see each of those thousand is!—not worth noticing! Besides, I neither fatten by their commendation, nor grow lean by their censure"—the truth is, he had a notion, according to an adage, that "a *ram* may kill a *butcher*," and an author write down his Reviewer! CACONOUS pro-

ceeded, humdrumming it with his metaphysics, and speculating on " spirits black, white, and grey," by my Uncle's fireside; he was constantly with us, for my Uncle liked to keep a tame philosopher about the house!

CHAPTER XLV.

The errors and innovations under which we groan of late years, are but tolerable trifles and children's play, compared with our present DAMNABLE DOCTRINE OF DEVILS!

CALVIN.

MY UNCLE'S GERMAN *METAPHYSICS*—HIS TREATISE ON THE LETTER I—RECIPE TO SMOKE A KANTIAN!

IF ever there was a critical judge of heresy, certainly it was CALVIN—LUTHER was but half a CALVIN! and to apply this to our own "damnable doctrines of devils," HARTLEY, with his *vibrations* and *vibratiuncles*, was but half a KANT!

Wretched METAPHYSICIANS!—have I exclaimed, when seated beside my Uncle with

his philosophising cap on, looking as melancholy as if he had been as metaphysicked as "a gibbed cat,"—may Heaven in its tender mercies confound ye all, as ye confound a brave and honourable nation!

My Uncle was so thunderstruck at this barbarous unnatural war among the Members of the Cat and Fiddle, that, as President, he declared he began to suspect his own *personal identity!* All the subtile wits in our neighbourhood were at him! To a gentleman of a more *reasoning*, than *reasonable* nature, so much criticism only can confound his faculties—never improve them! If you take a head, small as my honoured Uncle's, you may filter it into a particle—into nothing! you need not leave it the pellicle of a soul!

My Uncle, shelled in his library, was insensible to all these libels. Nature had comfortably bestowed a coarse coating on his mind, which preserved it from all the *pointed*

attacks of wits! He had not that delicacy of skin, which bleeds at every sting. PLINY relates, that some HORSES have been stung to death by BEES—a misfortune that could not have happened had they been ASSES! the rough raggedness of their coat is invulnerable!

Oh that my Uncle's neighbours had lived with their *heels* placed directly opposite to *his* —Nature had designed them for the *antipodes of science!*

He found but a melancholy consolation in metaphysics; there Dr. REID honestly confessed, that "Philosophers have hitherto only been *imposing on themselves* by WORDS WITHOUT MEANING*!" Another told him how much we were obliged to Dr. REID for having overthrown every system that pre-

* REID on the Intellectual Powers of Man, *Chap.* xi. *Essay* ii.

ceded him *! He was left without a body in the ideal system of BERKELEY, and lost his soul with BUFFON, who persuaded him he was nothing but an automaton struck into motion, a mere windmill, sailing about as the wind blows!

At length, LOCKE so narrowed my Uncle's notion of his *personal identity* †, that he could not distinguish between

MYSELF *and* I *!*

in his treatise concerning the letter

I *or* MYSELF!

And unluckily addressing himself to a high Kantian, one Professor FICHTE, they so

* Professor DUGALD STEWART's Philosophy of the Human Mind, *p.* 85. 4to.

† See how Dr. REID flim-flams LOCKE in his "*Intellectual Powers, Chap.* vi. *Essay* iii. His notion that our *identity* depends on *consciousness*, gives rise to several ludicrous consequences; such as, that *twenty* intelligent beings may be the *same person*; that the same being who *did* a particular action,

overswelled and overheated themselves, during the *caniculle*, that the German puffed out into a tympany, and my Uncle got a *coup de soleil;* his brain was so hot that it caught fire!

The Professor is a KANTIAN! and when my Uncle consulted him about his *own identity*, he wrote to him this able and luminous distinction of *self-determination* — to assist him a little through the letter I.

"The I, that constitutes *consciousness*, is distinguished from that I which is *not me*, and is *itself* only so far an object to *itself*, as it differs from *that other* I, which, though an object *to me*, is itself *not me*. The philosopher makes a perfect abstraction of the *not me;* which *not me* is the foundation of the distinction of I; and also making a *retro-*

may *not be* the person who did that action; and finally, that a man *may be*, and at the same time *not be*, the same person!

spect only of *myself*, which in *this distinction* is at the same time that which *distinguishes*, and that which is *distinguished* !*"

My Uncle read this all through the dog-days; considering it as a delicious morsel of KANT's "transcendental philosophy," and a curiosity, not to be picked up here and there—but he stuck in the midst of it, like a fly in a barrel of pitch.

The Professor at the same time sent over Mr. KANT's *glossary*, for the due understanding of Mr. KANT's *philosophy*. It consists of more than 300 terms, to be understood just as Mr. KANT chuses, which in hot

* This is a *literal translation*, and his commentator is so obliging as to tell us what this divine author means.—"When a man thinks of himself he does not think of other things; that he acquires the power of thinking of himself from experience; and that much thinking will make him a philosopher, and will enable him from known facts to devise theories."

weather is insupportable*! The *Kantian philosophy is a tincture of solar extract;* Berkley, Hume, Reid, and Leibnitz, all mingled together in one perfume pot, enough to stink out fifty devils, and to exorcise a whole legion! But there's a *recipe* in the *Flagellum Dæmonium!* "brimstone, assafœtida, galbanum, and John's wort and rue; apply the *smoke* to the nostrils of the POSSESSED! And it is an excellent remedy to drive and smoke away devils!" And my author adds, that when this perfume got into *use*, few demoniacs appeared after this!—Smoke those devils the Kantians!

*See Dr. WILLICH's "Elements of the Critical Philosophy," there are 300 terms, perfectly unintelligible. Dr. BEDDOES acknowledges it takes more than a *year* only to understand Kant's *terms*, and allows that Oliver Cromwell is explicit in his speeches compared to them! The Monthly Reviewer, *vol.* xxviii. *p.* 66, seriously conjectures, that all "this confusion of language,"—the *teleology* of nature, that is, final causes, may end in producing *insanity!*

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Of all the arts of distress found out by man for his own torment, perhaps that of *philosophic misery* is the most truly ridiculous; a passion no where carried to so extravagant an excess, as in the country where I now reside."

GOLDSMITH's *Citizen of the World*, Letter 92.

MY UNCLE CONSULTS THE APOTHECARY!—A CASE OF PRICKED WINES AND SCOTCH METAPHYSICS—AN EMETIC NOT YET DISCOVERED!

PLUTARCH not only advises all Philos to study medicine, but—to take it! 'Tis unreasonable (says he) that you devote your lives to very trifling, and often impertinent pursuits, and you will not swallow a few doses of hellebore, which might perhaps

clear all away, and make you wholesome men *!

When my Uncle had acquainted the apothecary with the forlorn state to which metaphysics had reduced him—the latter shook his head, and mentioned a case which had occurred in his practice.

" A wine merchant in the city went to the college at Aberdeen for the sole purpose of

* I refer the reader for a number of *cases,* and other profound discoveries about devils and demoniacs, put together by Dr. CRICHTON, in his " Inquiry into Mental Derangement," *vol.* ii. *p. 26,* &c. Some of the Philos become quite " subjugated by a complete stupor," some by " the increased action of the blood vessels of the brain," think they see castles, birds, and chariots—and (abominable !) women dancing naked, &c. The most desperate cases must be those where the patients " cannot endure those who *differ with them in opinion!*" Dr. CRICHTON's book is a very valuable one: any particular friend of mine I will prove to be mad by that performance ! I must own that Dr. CRICHTON has most ingeniously frightened his *literary friends.*

BOBTAIL.

distinguishing between his *ideas* and his *motions*—but the roysters at Aberdeen so vaulted him in their rope-dancing between his *perceptions* and his *conceptions*—that all his wines got pricked in London!"

"Do you mean to infer," exclaimed my Uncle, testily, "that the college at Aberdeen was at all connected with the wine-cellar!"

"I have heard some affirm" (replied the apothecary) "that this accident might be owing to his studying metaphysics at Aberdeen—can't you conceive that the *pricked wines* were, somehow or another, connected with *the Scotch metaphysics?*"

My Uncle shook his head!—"Should the earth (cried he) *lose its centre of gravity* but so much" (snapping his fingers)—"You smile, sir. Have you ever calculated the *motion of a fly on the globe* * ?"

* "The mathematician can demonstrate with the

The apothecary shook his head.

"Were you but a mathematician, I could terrify you! I am positive by my calculations that our *coal mines* must be exhausted*; but

most decisive certainty, that no fly can alight on this globe which we inhabit without *communicating motion to it;* and he can ascertain with the most accurate precision (if he choose to do) what must be *the exact amount* of the MOTION so produced."

Dr. ANDERSON's *Recreations of Agriculture, vol.* ii. *p.* 350.

* By an elaborate calculation of Mr. WILLIAMS, confirmed by the authors of "a General View of the Agriculture of the County of Northumberland," it appears that our COAL *will be exhausted in* 550 *years!* Nay as they calculate on the *thickness and depth of seams of coal,* should the seams prove neither so thick nor so deep as are calculated on, we may not hold out 400 years! Were the coal-exchange aware of this, it would not lower the price. What with the *growth* of the *national debt,* and the *extinction* of *coal,* our posterity will be left without a coat to their back, and even a fire to warm their nakedness by!

Another Philo is alarmed at our vast *fleets* and new *buildings,* which have, he says, wasted all our oak, and he has spread an alarm that "the firs of Norway are beginning to fail!" BULBO too, is not less alarmed

before that event happens, I cannot be sure that in our repeated attempts to open new mines, we may not make such vast excavations, that we may give a pernicious inequality to the centre of gravity, so that the earth may get tilted! I know very well that LA PLACE flatters us, that COMETS *pass so rapidly near us, that the effect of their attraction is not to be feared!* But suppose he should be an inch short in his calculations!—the old earth may whirl into a new one*!

at the *extinction of apples!* The world so far from being very young, as some assert, appears in her last stage of decay!

* Monsieur DE LA PLACE, though he endeavours to comfort the present race, respecting whether *comets* may strike and destroy the earth, however confesses, that though at present there is but a small probability of such an event, yet if considered with respect to a long series of ages, it may *become very great!* and he describes the effects of such a shock on the earth! The axis and rotatory motion being changed, the *seas* abandon their former position, and rush to the *new equator;* most of the *men* and *animals* will be

" Not however," he continued, " that we are without our comforts! HERDER *consoles* himself with not having been *born* in the planet *Saturn!* its heavy motion and frigorific gloom might have proved even too much for a German Philo! And, indeed, ought we not to congratulate ourselves for such a *narrow escape* we have had from the SUN?"

" Had we been designed for the sun, God would have fitted us for being carbonaded!"

" Tut!" exclaimed my Uncle, pettishly, " this is talking *theologically*, not *philosophically*. I hope you can reason better concerning another complaint which lies more in your usual studies. Exasperated as I often am in argument, I dare not shake my head. Does it not hang on the *vertebra* of my neck

drowned in this universal *deluge; entire species* annihilated; all the monuments of human industry swept away!

NICHOLSON'S *Journal, vol.* ii. *p.* 43, 4*to*.

by two condyls? and if one of them sticks in its cavity, I shall remain looking on all the days of my life, like Lot's wife; one of her condyls stuck in its cavity!"

"Poo!"—cried the apothecary, clapping him on the back.

Jacob shrieked—"You an anatomist, and clap a scientific patient on the back! Can you tell the mischief you might have done to my *thoracicus?* Why do you hold your mouth open? Do you know what you are doing when you open your mouth? In my opinion you are performing two contrary motions at once; in a combined but unperceivable motion you lower the inferior jaw, and you raise the superior! Can any thing be more alarming? Now sir, what do you think of my case?"

"You have the *crincums* in your brain!"—

"Pray, sir," enquired Jacob, "do you believe there are *humps* in the understanding?

Are there *boils*, *tumours*, and *chilblains* in the CEREBELLUM? 'Tis possible there are oval and spiral fibres, which the memory may twist about, and the imagination play a thousand vagaries with*."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the apothecary—Jacob now insisted the apothecary prated more like a drug-broker than a Celsus—that his opinions were the philosophy of his pestle and mortar.

This naturally produced that worst physic of man—more tart than cream of tartar, more bitter than aloes, more keen than the lancet on the vein—Recrimination!

* See ROBINET's singular work, entitled, *De la Nature*, for his strange explanation of the intellect by *oval fibres*—of memory by undulated or *spiral fibres*—of will by *fretted fibres*—of pleasure and pain by *bundles of sensibility*, &c. &c. This fantastical system of materialism looks very much like the elder brother of Dr. GALL's *Craniognomy*—but I have already pointed out their great predecessor!

My Uncle, to get rid of the apothecary, whom he despised as a logician and a philosopher—civilly offered to take an emetic.

"An emetic!"—retorted the enraged apothecary—"for *repletion* in the body we can assist nature in quieting the disturbed *viscera* —but for the man who is ONCE disordered with all the phlegm, the dizziness, and the wind of FALSE LEARNING, we have not yet discovered in all the pharmaceutical virtues of philosophy—an EMETIC for an OVERCHARGED HEAD!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
Nor do I covet her for my pleasure,
Nor for that old morality
Do I love her, 'cause she loves me!
Sure he that loves his lady, 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye!—so loves himself, not her:
Something there is moves me to love: and I
Do know I love—but know not HOW, nor WHY.

ALEXANDER BROME.

A LOVE SECRET! AND HOW AN ENGLISH BULL MAY NOT FEEL HIMSELF A MATCH FOR AN AFRICAN LIONESS!

It now occurred to my Uncle, who was leading a most dismal life, that he was a *batchelor!* and he imagined there yet remained some hopes of quiet. He *resolved* on MARRIAGE, but his ideas were bewildered with science!

He opened the affair with all due solemnity to his friends—and told us he was resolved to marry, because, added he, "it is doing things decently!"

"Decently!" (exclaimed BULBO, eyeing him from head to foot,) "can marriage with a mere philosophical stock-fish be decent?"

CACONOUS said—"Cohabitation is the bane of life; a man to live a whole year with the same woman! Marriage is the poor apology of a mind without energies, and as I have proved, is a *fraud* and a *monopoly!* Besides to decide on marriage, you ought to do it by algebra; a kind of argumentative arithmetic, by which you can solve the most difficult problem. Fix on some object like a given quantity, and then find out unknown quantities. You ought to calculate mathematically and metaphysically*!"

* Such are the odd feelings of the metaphysical CACONOUS. His hero FLEETWOOD gives a very metaphysical description of an intrigue with two

"There's one thing against marriage"—observed CONTOUR, "both for artist and amateur! the artist is always painting his wife! we have no variety in his works; it was so with Rubens! and even the amateur loses that quick feeling when his eye pores on one eternal sameness, and which, perhaps, after all, is a miserably defective body! Marriage must narrow his taste!"

"Marriage has its foundation in nature!" said GOBBO. "All animals couple! It is useful, it is pleasant!"

"Resolve me one question before you proceed," said the pompous CACONOUS. "I ask, then, if a man should marry, or not?"

French coquettes. Thus: "the passion of the Countess was an *abstract propensity*.—A *given quantity* of personal merit would charm her, &c." Was it odd that such a kind of an *algebraical lover* should have run mad and run away? He must have tired to death these two Parisians—as he did a numerous audience with a *metaphysical tragedy*. Metaphysics will never be the language of the passions.

"If the question comes from a married man"—calmly replied my Uncle, animated by a finer spirit than usual, and resolving all their *quid pro quos*—"it shews that the nuptial state has certain inconveniencies; there may be a nettle in a bunch of roses! but it infers it must also have its enjoyments, otherwise he would not put the matter interrogatively, but give it the form of an affirmative or a negative."

"But if the question comes from a batchelor?" proceeded CACONOUS.

"By heavens!" exclaimed my Uncle with warmth, which shewed he was not only resolute but resolved!—

"He is a being exiled in solitude, cold and sour, that hangs like unripened fruit in the shade, with its white deadly look! It dies ungathered, without sunshine, without colour, without sweetness!"

After this effusion, he told us how Lycur-

gus, and Plato, and Augustus, punished celibacy; and how the oracle attempted to puzzle Socrates, by declaring that, whether he married or not, he would repent either resolution.

"Well, then, marry!"—exclaimed BULBO, "and be as tender all thy days as the horned snail!"

CACONOUS pursued the attack in a volley of interrogations, in his alarming way—"Can you deny that marriage has a thousand cares, inconveniencies, and mortifications? Will not a woman dress? will she not play? will she not ruin? Or, on the other side, will she not be slatternly, penurious, and teasing?"

"As a naturalist, (observed GOBBO) there is one thing against a woman which we have discovered. She is a most loquacious animal! It is peculiar to the human female, that she acquires the faculty of speaking one year,

and sometimes two, before the male. She begins so early to be talkative!"

"If she has any taste, a wife will ruin"—cried CONTOUR—"as they say at Rome, *Sposa di spesa, noce che nuoce!*"

"Is this a moment," exclaimed my Uncle, rubbing his forehead, and ruminating on BULBO's horned snail—"to pun abominably in Italian! on a subject the modern Romans seldom trouble themselves about."

"Did not Mothe le Vayer" (CACONOUS went on) "who took a third wife at ninety, declare, all three were like a certain fountain, which was cold by day and boiled up at night? When a woman once has a system of her own in her head, will she give it up to her husband's hypothesis? When BENTLEY was courting his lady, he had like to have lost her by starting an objection against the book of Daniel! I speak now as a literary

man! Have you not written a treatise on learned men who had Shrews?"

"I take marriage"—said CONTOUR—to resemble the *Dionæa Muscipula*, or Venus's fly-trap; the surfaces of the leaves are covered with a sweet liquor, and allure the flies; but as soon as they are caught, the leaves lock up together, and the unwary creature is fixed for life! The wife of ALBERT DURER was a Tisiphone. He run away from her, she wheedled him back, and broke his heart! BERGHEM's wife would never allow him a nap; if the exhausted artist relaxed from his work in a room above her, she roused him by thumping a long stick against the ceiling, while BERGHEM answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem he was at his work! all this is worthy of consideration!"

Jacob started, worried and dissatisfied, and placing his back against the chimney-piece,

he went on for a considerable time with the following *memoranda*.

"I own it is an agreed point that a woman is not a rational being! 'Tis so declared in the laws of the Romans. By the Mosaic code they were not received as witnesses in court. The Athenians prohibited them from striking any bargain more important than for a bushel of barley. And Aristotle, who was so fooled by them, pretends to say, that a woman is only an imperfect man. Does not Laberius say, "*Mulier quæ sola cogitat, malè cogitat.*" The woman who is alone and thinks, thinks of mischief. Thucydides says, that the best praise of a woman consists in having neither good nor evil spoken of her; and Xenophon, that a wife should enter her husband's house without having seen or heard many things she necessarily must. All this the Greeks and Romans thought concerning a wife—no wonder, therefore, there were but

few wives among them! They clasped a Phryne for a Grace! Their agueish love was a fit that lasted an hour! they madly bought a tender caress, which has no price. Their passion usually closed in venting itself in gross satires and biting epigrams. We, more polished and humanized, claim the mutual affection that expires not even in old age, and, at ninety, can write sonnets!"

Nature for a moment seemed playing about the heart of my Uncle, but soon, alas! his head was worked by its unhappy theories!

"I shall fix on a wife on the principle of CONTRAST recommended by my friend ST. PIERRE *. I will seek for one on whose vel-

* Mr. DE SAINT PIERRE has discovered a *love secret*, and illustrates it with a pretty story—as I am persuaded that Mr. DE SAINT PIERRE is no liar, but only a conjurer, I believe it!

vet bosom I may pillow my studious head; whose passive quietness may not interrupt my philosophical experiments; I have therefore fixed on importing a short, plump, black woman."

"The influence of CONTRASTS in LOVE is so *certain*, (says our Philo,) that merely by *seeing the lover*, one may trace the *portrait of the object loved*, without having ever *seen the latter*, provided that the lover is smitten by a strong passion. I have experienced this many times. One day a friend, in a foreign country, introduced me to his sister, a virtuous woman, and deeply enamoured. When our conversation turned on love, I told her that *I knew the laws* which impel us *to love;* and that I would undertake to draw the *portrait* of her *lover*, which she defied me to do. Then, *taking the opposite qualities* of her own tall energetic figure, of her disposition and her character, which I had heard, I depicted her lover, *a little man, not over plump, with blue eyes, light hair, a little capricious, but fond of instruction.*—Every word made her blush to her eyes, and she seriously quarrelled with her brother for having revealed her secret. This, however, was not the fact, and *he* was as highly astonished as *herself.*"

See his "Etudes de la Nature," literally transcribed.

" A black!" I exclaimed, shuddering at the idea of my aunt.

" A black!" cried BULBO—" The notion is no bad one; for if a man would have a woman adore him, it must be an ugly one; they are naturally faithful and passionate."

" A black!"—said CACONOUS, with a sneer —" 'tis an original hint; I could work it up into a system."

" A black!" observed GOBBO; " under proper directions, you both might do something for my mixture of species."

" A black!" ejaculated CONTOUR, appealing to Jacob's heart, by laying his hand gently on it—" as a man of taste!"—he added.

" I am sensible," said my Uncle, touched by this friendly gesture—" that there are some amateurs, who, being too servilely attached to the Italian school, will censure my choice, incapable, CONTOUR, as they are of more liberal views of human beauty, and in-

sane with their conception of the ideal, and the *nude*. Every form with them must be Grecian, and the colouring as brilliant as that of the Venetian school. They look on a woman as coldly as if they were examining a picture, and on a picture as warmly as if it were a woman. I own, the face of a negress is not fortunate in respect to the *chiaro oscuro;* but some are gratified by *silhouettes.*"

"Woolly hair, flat nose, thick lips!"—exclaimed CONTOUR.

"My dear Uncle"—I could add no more, choked with inexpressible sorrow.

"Nephew!"—replied Jacob—"and you, gentlemen! I did not request you to meet to give me your advice—but your approbation."

My Uncle kept stedfast to his design, bewildered by GOBBO. Whenever the flies got into his milkpot, he would not suffer them to be removed; declaring they looked very pretty there, and formed a fine *contrast.*

We discovered why GOBBO encouraged this abhorred mixture. As florists have found out a means to shade with a variety of tints those flowers which originally had only one colour, he wished to try if he could not succeed in making a tulip race of all our family, and streak all my future cousins. But when Swartenzach saw clearly into the naturalist's design, he brought forwards some facts of natural history, which greatly affected my Uncle. These went to prove that my Uncle's descendants, in that case, might have the right side of their body *white*, and their left *black;* or half *upwards* white, and *downwards* black*! The Swede asked if we had not enough already of cows, pigs, and dogs party-coloured?

My Uncle was struck with these facts and thought it much wiser to purchase a monster

* Zoological Magazine, No. XII. quoted by Mr. WHITE in his regular gradation of man, *p.* 123.

than to live with one! "I know (said he) that GOBBO has a notion to cross-breed an European bull, by sending him to a lioness in the burning deserts of Biledulgerid—the mongrel race would be more vigorous than the father, and less destructive than the mother! In time he has the most flattering hopes of a race of bull-lions, in our fields*. He has said a hun-

* Monsieur DE SALES, projects this—He says "Sovereigns, who through a murderous ostentation, send at great cost for animals from India and Africa, to see them perish before the natural period of their lives in their *menageries*, would do better to *pension the Indians* and *negroes* to mix *their indigenous animals with ours!*" The experiments must take place in their own burning climates. "It would be a fortunate thing for *natural history*, and perhaps for the *happiness of man*, that we should cross-breed the puma of the new world with the giraffe, and the European bull with the lioness of the African deserts! Their race would cross-breed with the quadrupeds of our continent, and these mongrels would aid the work of our labours, and add to the pleasures of kings."

Philos. de la Nature, vol. i. *p.* 395.

dred things to encourage *me;* but to tell the truth, I do not feel myself of that race of English bulls, which would not dread the fondness of a lioness of the Tropics! The *creations* of GOBBO very much *recreate* me!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Bruler tout ce meuble inutile
Et laisser la science aux docteurs de la ville ;
Otes pour faire bien du grenier de ceans,
Cette longue lunette a faire peur aux gens,
Et cent brimborions dont l'aspect importune,
N'aller point chercher ce qu'on fait dans la lune ;
Et melez vous un peu de ce qu'on fait chez vous
Ou nous voyons aller tout sans dessus dessous.

MOLIERE *les Femmes* SCAVANTES.

Descend from heaven, URANIA, by that *name*
If *rightly* thou art called!

MILTON.

A FIRST ASSIGNATION CHIEFLY CONCERNING THE *SUN!*

My Uncle, since his resolution of not breeding party-coloured Philos, actively resumed his correspondence with Miss Eleanora concerning "the heavens and the earth." He sent her some *bread and butter*

which he actually was growing in his botanical garden * !

As yet they had never come to an interview ! But my Uncle, out of fondness and admiration, made her drop her *vulgar* name to assume the more hallowed appellative—of URANIA ! URANIA had for a month past been in a slow fever ; my Uncle was as inconsolable as he was curious, for Miss URANIA acknowledged it was no trifle that had fevered her ! and in one of her rhapsodical postscripts mysteriously added—"It is more than probable that your immortality is at my disposal !"

My Uncle, likewise, was bursting with a *secret !* He was languishing for a *tête-à-tête*, and a little chit-chat about the SUN ! When he hinted at an assignation, she blushed, at

* The *bread-fruit* tree is well known. The shea-toulou, or *tree-butter*, is described by Mr. Park in his African Travels.

least she mentioned this in her letter—which, however, concluded, after all the difficulties she had raised, that "my Uncle knew where to find her, in any fine moonlight."

Some ladies declare, that one must be a woman to catch the sentiments of a woman: there is something sexual in the soul! But manners change! HOGARTH and CALLOT would now be a couple of RAPHAELS.—Now, when ladies are regularly brought up, educated and boarded, "entirely for the service of the heavens*," and all day long are ascertaining the nature of the *gases*, and talk

* "LALANDE's daughter is educated entirely for the *service of the heavens;* she learns mathematics and astronomy, and he calls her *in joke* his URANIA."

KARAMSIN's *Travels, vol.* iii. *p.* 68.

Poor girl! this is a very *serious joke* for her! I hope Miss *Urania,* if she is a fine, plump, arch-eyed girl, occasionally flings her cap in Papa Lalande's face!—this would not be breaking one of the commandments, for he does not believe in any of the ten!

of the human heart as if they were swallowing a mouthful*!

Bright over the observatory rose the moon full orbed; the phantom form of my Uncle stole shadowy along—now gazing on the moon, and now on the observatory;—but more tickled by the latter.

Friendly to his hopes, the door is a-jar; entering a lower room in silent pleasure, his eyes run over all the regalia of science—he turns an orrery, he rolls a sphere; but passed, tremblingly alive, an electrical battery! Cautiously ascending the narrow stairs, he gently pushes at a half-closed door. There, with ravished eyes, he beholds his URANIA! Her senses absorbed in the tube of her tele-

* LAVOISSIER's celebrity has for some time past induced several of the *Parisian ladies* to become amateurs of chemistry; so that they analyze the *sensibilities* of the *heart*—according to *chemical rules*."

KARAMSIN's *Travels, vol.* iii. *p.* 69.

scope, while her mind was darting among Saturn's rings, how could she know that my Uncle, on tiptoe, was peeping over her shoulder?

This occupation, the hour of the night, the youth of the fair student—secrecy and silence—all that could inflame the senses violently affected Jacob; in rapture seizing on——his snuff-box, a violent sternutation followed.

Turning quick on him, with a coquetish poignancy, she faintly murmured at his abruptness *.

* As the reader may be curious to know how I obtained the particulars of this interview, I ought to inform him, that it was owing to the *alarm* which my Uncle spread in his rapture through the observatory. ANNABELLA, the maid, procured me the whole. ANNABELLA, good-natured soul! was a very different kind of a philosopher from her mistress. She studied the *domestic Encyclopædia*—many discoveries she effected therein. For instance, a *key-hole* she always considered as a *window* and an *ear-trumpet*—

"Hush! hush!" she cried——"besides, you might have stolen on me at one of my secret experiments.—I have seen some of my

with that she performed many *curious* experiments in *optics* and *acoustics*.—These she would communicate to me, without pomp and parade; and she was so dextrous at these experiments, that she never suffered any thing she *heard* or *saw* by this channel (the *key-hole*)

"To waste its sweetness in the desert air."

I suspect the whole of this scene is a mere *family* one; our author rarely *invents!* If the curious reader wishes to read a scene far more ludicrous than the present, I refer him to the narrative of FAUJAS ST. FOND, of a secret interview, at moonlight, he had with Miss HERSCHEL—He stole upon her unawares! a number of secret signs take place between our great astronomer and his sister when any *nebula* rises in the most distant part of the sky. Having described what aid Miss H. lends her brother, &c. he tells us how he is affected by "this delightful accord" and wishes the same harmony may reign among all the brothers and sisters in England! Ay! there's the rub! Could our rivals once completely *astronomise* our great families, and madden our premier with a *star*—soon should we see the political SUN *of Britain* SET!

TAG.

discoveries actually published, before I had finished them myself."

Tenderly pressing her hand, he exclaimed, "An assignation of science ought not to disturb whatever is scientific!"

"True, true!" she cried, with a cracked hoarse voice, for this poor lady, in that observatory, caught cold a-nights; "one philosopher never disturbs another philosopher.—Hum!"

After other formal compliments, my Uncle inquired if any *news* to-night?

"Look up the milky way!" said URANIA. —"Ha!" he exclaimed—"it makes my eyes ache! but (tenderly stretching out his hand) I see a milky way fairer in the heaven of your bosom!" "Hum!" said Miss URANIA. —"I observed to-night, in the most desert parts of the sky, a *nebula*, which has made me and my star-maid very busy—on these occasions I always ring a little bell!"

" For this, madam, I admire the family of the LALANDES—he and his nephew have undertaken to determine the position of more than 40,000 stars—What an uncle and a nephew!"

" Hum! LALANDE is a liar!"—affirmed URANIA!—

" He is a particular friend of mine," replied my Uncle, chuckling at the thought he was a liar—" I always thought he boasts of better luck than he really had. Then my friend HERSCHEL is another lucky fellow!"

" Hum! HERSCHEL is a fool"—retorted URANIA, with eyes as red as a ferret's. " Is there any doubt that they fatigue the world with accounts of stars they have never seen?"

" I thought I had discovered"—said my Uncle—" a volcano in the moon, and a mountain of ice in the sun!"

"Well! if you have discovered them they must be there!"

"I sent my Memoir to the Royal Society; a set of unbelieving Jews! they crucify my genius, and circumcise my papers!"

"Hum! they will not even do me that favour! Don't you perceive it is all a party?" said URANIA.

"Provoking! one of the fellows told me that the volcano was in my head! But I saw the volcano in the moon smoke, with my naked eye—it looked just like a candle going out!"

"Hum! I sent those fellows some hints on the last comet. I was very uneasy!"

My Uncle calmly replied, "And I too! but Professor MURHARD of Gottingen assures me it was a fluid body; it will cool, dry, and become as solid as the earth."

"I am very glad to hear Professor Murhard's opinion, and I shall sleep the easier for it!"

"What do you think of the SUN?" anxiously enquired my Uncle.

"Hum! I do not know what to make of it!" replied URANIA. Indeed whenever she perceived on the sun's face what astronomers now call "pimples, wrinkles, and crinkles," she was as uneasy as if they had been on her own! "HERSCHEL still persists, asserting it is not a flaming body; and LALANDE thinks it a solid one, frosted over with an incandescent fluid*! But WILSON asserts the *spots* in the *sun* are positively *volcanoes!* Now VON HAHN starts up, and actually describes *landscape-gardens in the* SUN! He seems, how-

* LALANDE says, in writing something concerning the sun, "this does not agree with the idea of Dr. HERSCHEL! We materially differ—but this celebrated observer is more to be admired for his *observations* than his *hypotheses!*"—LALANDE thus reduces HERSCHEL to a *mere telescope!* Where lies the great difference between them, if both exert their imagination? One will *see* any thing; the other will *say* any thing!

ever, somewhat puzzled about *shadows* and *half-shadows!* All these *solar landscapes* may turn out a mere deception of whole and half shadows*! Then we do not positively know

* Listen to this notable discovery! "With a HERSCHEL's telescope of seven feet, I beheld with *astonishment, very distinctly,* in those spots in the middle of the sun's orb, parts beset with *little hills,* separated by *valleys,* and single *mountains* of a proportional height, which project strong shadows. The *fineness* of the *delineation,* the *scenic appearance,* and the regularity of these objects induce me to *believe* that *solar landscapes* are here actually represented."

Mr. VON HAHN concludes his paper with a very probable conjecture, which he refers to posterity to amuse themselves with verifying—It is nothing less than this—"By what circulation is the *luminous matter,* which diffuses light and heat *throughout all nature,* again conveyed back to *infinite space?* or whether destined and employed for the formation and maintenance of organic bodies?"

M. VON HAHN is probably a member of one of the Italian academies, I have already honourably noticed—and he is not without many associates—"the chained Madmen!"

Professor BODE's *Astronomical Almanack for* 1796—*Phil. Mag. vol.* xi.—39.

whether the sun be hot or cold—HERSCHEL describes the *sun* as a magnificent habitable world, and the *mountains* 200 leagues high. I believe he will allow that the sun is a hot climate, and that the sun-men undoubtedly have a brisk volcanic genius. The cabbages in that country must be as hot as Cayenne; the spiders must be scorpions, and I dare say the fleas there are lobsters! then, their small domestic animals cannot be tamer than tigers —the high roads, at the coolest, must be red-hot iron! But, behold, Mr. KNIGHT now has come with his petrifying system, that the sun-men (whose existence he does not deny) are probably suffering from *extreme cold!* and must be condemned to blow at their fingers, all the days of their lives!"

My Uncle having patiently listened to all URANIA had to deliver—shook his head. He looked full of awful sagacity—"I will disclose, most confidentially, a grand secret concerning the sun!"

"Hum!" she ejaculated, her eyes in torture, strained on the very tenter-hooks of curiosity.—

"Don't you perceive"—resumed my Uncle—"that between the *sun* and the *earth* we are in a continued state of fermentation? Physical and moral, hot and cold, revolution and counter-revolution? All these I account for on my system!

"I am confident that the SUN is an ACID and the EARTH an ALKALI!—and while the present system of nature lasts, they must inevitably produce between them, all this fuming and vapouring, this foaming and sputtering, this sharpness and bitterness which abound in human nature and the very elements we breathe."

"A new principle!" cried our astronomical Sybil—"which HERDER would have wonderfully worked up in his "History of the Philosophy of Man!"

My Uncle was elated.—"I flatter myself that I can manage my own invention, madam! With this discovery, the greatest events in human nature are easily understood. I have observed that every two or three centuries the earth is in a terrible *fermentation*. 'Tis now an irruption from the north to the south—now a crusade—now a new religion—now a revolution in politics—of all these I think the cause is apparent enough!"

"How do you account, my dear Jacob, for the occasional tranquillity, or rather stupidity, which has prevailed through the globe?"

"An alkali combining with an acid produces *neutral salts;* mild and inactive! This characterizes these insipid ages!"

In the height of his exultation, my Uncle suddenly clapping his hand on his head, added, in a fainter tone—"I do not offer this

hypothesis to the world without diffidence!—But, my dear madam, you look hagged!"

"Hum! I have had a hard time of it of late. I could speak to you concerning such a thing!"

She leapt from the table, on which, I forgot to mention, she had been seated all the time—stared mysteriously, with such a wildness in her gestures, her night-gown awfully flapping about her—she stood like one of the witches in Macbeth—not as exhibited on the stage, but as described by the poet:

> So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
> That look not like th' inhabitants of the earth,
> And yet are on it!

Wildly she exclaimed "I have such a telescope! it has fevered me! What anxieties, what vexations, what a terrible life it brings with it! It is now six weeks that I have concealed from the world"—Here she paused. My Uncle felt an agony of curiosity and terror!

In a kind of familiar rapture she cried out, "I have found A NEW PLANET!—and let the Royal Society think what it will, I am resolved, my friend, to call it—a Jacob*!"

A mixed feeling of love and fame came over my Uncle's soul—like a mist!—Kneeling in silence, he grasped the hand of the fair astronomer.—But the dawn was rising, and she hurried her new planet down stairs.

He had scarcely got into the anti-chamber when Jacob uttered a tremendous shriek, exclaiming, "A conductor! a conductor!"

"Hum!" cried Miss URANIA; she flew to her friend—there she found her star-maid,

* In COURTOIS's printed Report, containing the papers found after ROBESPIERRE's death, is a letter from LA LANDE, in which this astronomer announces the discovery of a *new planet*, and as he knows no person, *ancient* or *modern*, who has more deserved the *gratitude of mankind* than ROBESPIERRE, he offers to *name* this planet, MAXIMILIAN!—So much for the moral merits of this French astronomer!

An Electrified Lover.

Annabella, busied at the electrical machine, and at the same time making an apology for having electrified my Uncle.—She declared he looked a beautiful object of terror; flashing, snapping, and crackling; darting luminous points and pencils of light! Jacob's wig was electrified! The hairs, hanging loose, repelled one another in the most horrent manner.

> His knotted and combined locks did part,
> And each particular hair did stand on end
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!

"You have only received a *shock*, Sir"—cried Annabella.

"I am shocked, indeed, to see how science can harden the heart"—cried my Uncle.—"You are speculating at an experiment!"

"You are an electrified lover!" replied Annabella. "As my mistress can *excite* you, she may *discharge* you!"

"Dear Jacob!" exclaimed URANIA, "you

act more like a man frightened out of his wits than a philosopher."—But, sensible of the insolence of her star-maid, she resolved to rush on her fate, that is, on my Uncle!—"Yes! tell all the village," she cried, "that I love this man."—Her lips touched the lips of my Uncle—and he felt himself relieved! their first kiss of love was warmer than the kiss ST. PREUX breathed on the lips of JULIA—or ABELARD on the voluptuous mouth of ELOISA!—'twas warmed by no metaphor!—it kindled by the agency of the electrical fire!

I wish their lips had never charged and discharged together—for what a COUSIN did they give me *!

* As a kind of authority for this curious interview between my Uncle and Urania—I shall treat the reader with an authentic piece of *conversation-philoism!* I shall give it, as it is not exactly to be found in the Edinburgh Review, *vol.* iii. *p.* 404.

DONNA AGNESI, a fair Italian, aged eighteen, was

a *master* of all the sciences; that is, got them all by rote, like questions and commands. This is what my Uncle's *monkey* could never arrive at, though my Uncle had some hopes of his *great green parrot*, the *Psittacus Æstivus* of LINNÆUS!

At twenty, had this young lady wedged into her *cerebellum* so many *large ideas*, that it actually *split!* this I am sorry for, but the *crania* of the ladies when overflowing with *hot sciences*, are like those transparent, but friable, vases of Porcelain, that filled with *hot water* to the *brim* must inevitably *crack* and *fly into pieces!* Poor DONNA AGNESI could not hold a drop more! And so she retired to a convent of *Blue Nuns*—(apparently *a blue stocking club)* there she passes her days muzzing over her homily, and perhaps CORNELIUS AGRIPPA *on the vanity of the sciences!*

The president *De Brosse*—a *French uncle* of mine—has given one of her *conversaziones*. The reader shall partake in the gallimaufrey of all that literary feast.

Thirty persons assembled—to listen, to stare, and to clap, and finally to return home and growl at their unfortunate wives, who had not *such long memories* as DONNA AGNESI!

First, *Count Bellori*—a greater Uncle of mine!—addressed the *Donna* in a fine Latin oration—but so tedious that even the French president candidly acknowledges that the Count was nothing but a starch formal fribble, bristled all over like a hedge-hog with his Latin.

This was answered in Latin by the *Donna,* who probably gave him as good as he brought. This so cajoled the old pedantic Count that he would not speak a word of his mother's tongue all that evening, but prosed in Latin into a disputation about—*the Origin of Fountains!*

The *Donna,* the president testifies, spoke on this subject and *looked* like *an angel!*—Such I suppose as are sometimes carved and placed upon a fountain, with the water artificially sent up through their spouting mouths!

The Count, by this time found his tongue chapped, lolling it out with extreme heat, he could not wag it; he called for a cooling *Sorbetto* and for the president!—requesting he would begin—all at this poor *angel!*

The president wished the Count at the devil, for when called on, he was obliged to make a most awkward apology for his false concords; it was a long while since he had declined all his declensions, and did not even know what a vocative was! He hit on a most pleasing topic!—how the impressions made on the senses by corporeal objects are communicated to the brain,—then on the propagation of light, and then on the prismatic colours!—During all this, the thirty puppets were in ecstacies, exclaiming as at an opera, *bravissimo! Encora!*

At length the poor *Donna* herself, angel as she was, honestly confessed, that she did not like much, either the count, or the president! That the whole turn of their conversation had the formality of an academical disputation, and that if two gentlemen had been

really amused, thirty very good kind of people must have been *ennuyé à la mort!*

On the whole, my French uncle, the President *De Brosse's* account, with a little management, seems to be as impartially drawn up as mine of my Uncle Jacob. Good man! with his heart upon his lips!—Oh! 'tis a rare virtue in this polished age!

CHAPTER XLIX.

Charmante ISSE vous nous faites entendre
Dans ces beaux lieux les sons les plus flateurs,
Ils vont droit a nos cœurs;
LEIBNITZ n'a point de monade si tendre,
NEWTON n'a point d' × × plus enchanteurs;
A vos attraits on les eut vus se rendre;
Vous tourneries la tete a nos docteurs!
BERNOUILLI dans vos bras
Calculant vos apas
Briseroit son compas!

VOLTAIRE.

AMATORY GIFTS OF A NATURALIST—PRISMATIC MILLENERY—THE HYDRAULIC NYMPH—OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS—WHAT A NEW PLANET MAY TURN OUT TO BE!

My scientific Uncle now led "the life of a lover." He passed many a tender and solitary hour, musing by the side of a green spermatic pond! He contemplated on the planet which was shortly to inscribe his name

in the heavens, and in return, he brought to URANIA a curious green armed polypus, with which they amused themselves by mincing it into atoms; then speculating on it at their ease, poring, with a microscope over the maimed animal, on its power of reproduction, they created a hundred little ones; but then these had such diminished rumps, that the last born came at length to have no rump at all; which took them the whole summer to account for*!—and once, with a gallant

* See Professor BLUMENBACH's Essay on "Casual Mutilations in the Bodies of Animals becoming, in the course of time, hereditary marks of distinction." *Phil. Mag. vol.* iv. *p.* 1. The Professor gives a variety of strange facts, proving that a father, who had lost his little finger, had two children wanting their little fingers; bald heads generated bald heads; bitches docked produced dogs docked. But the most curious notion was that of a literary friend, who observed, that if the Professor's system would bear the test, then *Jews* must be *born circumcised!* and behold, when the Professor, in search of this physical enquiry, was compelled to hunt in the Jews'

air he tossed about her petticoats three precious chinese fire-flies, brilliant as diamonds! He charmed a tear into her eye, by moralising on the transient existence of an ephemeron

quarters, he found a Rabbin (probably a wag) who declared, that he had found some Jewish infants who were most difficult to manage! May not a Christian too be *born circumcised?* But how are we to account for those animals, who, so far from wanting any part, have a superabundance of parts? Dr. DARWIN saw a breed of cats with an *additional claw* in every foot; poultry with *wings to their feet!* and others *without rumps!*

ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 235.

The great naturalist DAUBENTON is excessively anxious about hens with five toes, and fowls without rumps, and consequently without tails. The former are as ancient as the time of Columella, that is, about A. D. 42; but the latter species seem not to boast of an origin so honourable and truly ancient. I imagine the fowls without rumps, at least with us, do not go farther back than the Norman Conquest. He proposed some experiments; he has three kinds of fowls, those with *five toes;* those *without rumps;* and some he calls *negroes.* The mixture of these three races he means to treat Europe with. He asks questions; but I am not concerned about the

fly, which, if born at one o'clock, dies at four! to the great grief of its remaining companions, who are an hour younger! They both loved to blend a little *moral* with *natural philosophy*, which renders the dry paths of the latter much more entertaining.

With the amatory gifts of the naturalist she was betwitched; she would incline her ear to the *cicada*, and swear it was the Handel of insects! how in rapture would she gaze on the *mantis*, or camel-cricket, which is continually nodding at one! She declared it had an idea of civility, from its frequently

toes, rumps, and *tails* of my poultry. I do not find one of these questions tend to fatten a hen into a capon.

DAUBENTON's questions are these:

"If I mix these three races, would this mixture *vary the number of toes?* Would the *rump* and the *tail* be *completely* or only *partly* formed? I have been informed that there have been fowls with *only half a rump and tail!*"

NICHOLSON's *Journal, vol.* iii. *p.* 372. 4to.

resting on its hind legs, and elevating and folding its other pair on its breast. On this would she reason and theorize, and with a philanthropic pun, worked up my Uncle to fancy that the *mantis* was a little kind of a man!

They dwelt in ecstasy on the unspeakable bliss of a pair of earthworms, and their connubial intercourse; they traced the tender passion from reptiles to cold fishes! but they sighed over the forlorn caterpillars! who, in that stage of existence, have no difference of sex*!

* Dr. SKRIMSHIRE has given us in mortal prose on reptiles, the erotic touches of Darwin's immortal verse on Plants. He talks of the bliss of a pair of earthworms, and the raptures of fishes! He laments the misfortune of caterpillars, who, having no sex, of course, "they are not at all engaged in the grand business of procreation, or the delightful task of preparing for a future progeny!"

SKRIMSHIRE's *Study of Natural History, vol.* ii. *p.* 52.

My Uncle had in our house a grand favourite of a toad. He and the toad had now lived together going on for forty years! Never was toad so well fed, so comfortably holed, and so affectionately tended. It was a foundling, a Tom Jones, which my all-worthy Uncle had found constantly haunting "the steps before our hall-door." Its monstrous size had attracted his eye, and its quiet disposition soon fascinated his heart. He constantly paid it a visit every evening: my Uncle's affection enlarged as the toad increased in size. In a fit of enthusiasm he domesticated it, declaring, like uncle Toby, "the house was large enough for them both!" Whenever he had company, the toad was always seated on the table; I heartily joined in flattering this monstrous beauty, and fed it with the choicest insects whenever I wanted a little pocket-money *!

* See a minute detail respecting this toad in two letters from J. Arscott, Esq. to Dean Milles, written

URANIA wished to have this toad for a week on a visit! My Uncle, at first, politely refused the invitation. He assured her, "he did not dread the change of air, or diet, or want of any proper attendance from her servants—thank heaven! his toad was a healthy toad! but there was something in her house he did not like! He would not explain, and wished not to set Urania against any of her domestic favourites"—but Urania persisting

at the request of our late great naturalist, PENNANT, inserted in his BRITISH ZOOLOGY, *vol.* iii. *p.* 323, &c. Some of the ideas may entertain the reader.—"It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform you of any particulars *worthy* Mr. Pennant's notice concerning the TOAD, who *lived so many years with us*, and was so *great a favourite!*—It had been admired by my father for its *size, who constantly paid it a visit every evening!*—I cannot say how long my father had been acquainted with the toad before I knew it—I can answer for thirty-six years—he used to mention it as '*the old toad I have known so many years*'."—(What affectionate language! I begin to suspect he meant Mrs. Arscott, his beloved wife!!)

in her request! my Uncle parted from his toad with a melancholy presage! forty years had they known each other, and never had the toad before quitted its hole! Our great toad had not been three days in Urania's house when a tame black raven, that was suffered to hop about her Observatory, made one peck at its eye, and two at its head, and, alas! our toad had no "jewel in its head," as Shakspeare falsely conceived! It came back to us with one eye, and a broken head!

URANIA made an apology for the accident—but I asked my Uncle, "what apology can be made for cracking the jobbernole of a family toad?"

But what avail logic and sentiment, with a mad lover, when a mistress *sets her* CAP *at him!*—URANIA did this with the most astonishing effect I ever heard!

URANIA had recourse to her milliner, whom, however, she assisted with her own

physical principles—she took into her head to cover it, with a great variety of *ribands*, mingling their *colours* harmoniously to the eye, as my Uncle conceived, according to the *prismatic scale*; and *bending the ribands*, more or less, to give an idea of the *refrangibility* of the rays of light. This head-dress, formed on such philosophical principles, was as fine as a *rainbow!* The refrangible ribands, red, orange, yellow, &c. bewitched my Uncle's eye; who, it must be confessed, though he was a great philosopher, was but a small critic by the side of *Madame Lancaster!* He exclaimed, (as Mr. PICTET does on a similar occasion,) "The discoveries of NEWTON may be applied to the *choice of a riband*, as well as to the *system of the world* !*"

* Mr. PICTET, in his *Voyage de trois Mois*, passed some time at Count RUMFORD's house at Brompton. Among other miracles he saw there, is

In the warm month of May, suddenly, without a moment's consideration, he hurried to URANIA, and resolutely went to offer himself, not as a lover—but a husband! he was like a PIGEON in the pairing season.

She, occupied at an optical experiment, was willing to receive him, provided he did not interrupt it. He paused, when he found the room darkened—yet he entered, conceiving that no great mischief could result from the optics of URANIA!

"My dear philosophical friend," she cried, "I am making a single experiment

one of taste, respecting the Count's assortment of his colours in his furniture, which the Count has arranged by scientific principles. "His taste has been assisted by the principles of philosophy in the mixture of the tints, which, as the Count has discovered, form always harmony to the eye, when they are respectively the complement of the colours exhibited by the whole prismatic spectrum. The Discoveries of Newton," &c. *p.* 244.

with two rays of light—I am throwing two lights on one subject !"

Jacob perceiving that a great deal of business was to be got through before he could seize on a golden moment auspicious to his hopes, plumbed himself down, instantly exclaiming, " Where the devil am I a going ?"

" Gone ! you mean,"—she exclaimed,—" you have sunk, no doubt, into my philosophical self-supplying cistern !—keep yourself steady, for the great tube in the middle—"

" By heavens, madam ! the more I press on it !—"

" The greater will be the volume of water —I know it, sir, and I am proud of it !"—replied the hydraulic nymph. " It is the most multiplying *jet d'eau* ever contrived. The water thrown up acquires sufficient velocity to return by a lateral aperture. I thought I had discovered, when I invented this fountain, the perpetual motion !"

Jacob intreated to have only one corner of the shutter opened.

" Would you disturb the experiment?"

" Really, madam, to make a water-rat of a philosopher, is no part that I know of philosophy—"

" Is this the language of a philosopher, who has walked on the sulphureous crust of a volcano, and peeped into a crater? I warn you to remain steady. My oxygen is beside my nitrous acid, if the red pungent vapours are once freed—"

" I shall sneeze my brains through my nostrils"—groaned my Uncle.

" Truth, they say, lies buried in a well; to you then, as Truth personified, I address myself. The experiment I am performing I owe to one of your divine hints—

My Uncle attempted to listen, while the water rustled in his ears—for panegyric is delightful, even to a philosopher in a cistern.

" Shall we not be enabled to see in the dark ?" continued URANIA.

" I never went such lengths," — interrupted the astonished Jacob.

" Oh ! philosophers ! who understand not your own philosophy ! Have you forgotten our experiment on the FLIES ? We collected five hundred, and, standing at the distance of three or four feet, wherever we could catch a small party, we struck two books smartly against each other, and away they flew ! This shewed that they must have a sense of hearing, though we are ignorant where that sense lies. You can't have forgotten we were the whole day attempting to find where the *ears of* FLIES lie ?"

" I perfectly remember that laborious experiment," cried my Uncle, who now quite forgot he was in a cistern. " That day we discovered *nine kinds of movement* in FLIES ! Charming droll creatures when in high health ! conveying their legs and thighs

around their head to rub and polish it! hooking their middle with their fore-legs! kicking out the hind legs for a long time, or twisting their fore-legs in the form of a wheel! But the most truly astonishing fact, madam! was, when we decapitated a fly—it performed eight of these nine movements without a head*! We concluded that we had discovered *a new sense* in flies; for since they can perform their functions so accurately *without a head*, it must be from their peculiar *feeling in the dark!*"

"Mr. BOUGUER contrived to read *almost* in the dark," said URANIA: "he had the candles placed in *one room*, and brought himself to *read* in the *other!*—to be sure, the poor man must have strained his eyes till his head cracked†!"

* This is a painful and laborious discovery of a iving Italian naturalist.

† See PRIESTLEY's Hist. of Optics, *Par.* vi. *S.* 7.

" Mr. BOUGUER was an old fool to read in the dark !"—exclaimed my Uncle, bolting upright out of the cistern—when, lo ! the apartment flashed with the softest and most brilliant blaze; the light of the sun can scarce exceed it ! It ached their delighted eye, and terrified the chymical lovers !

" You have inverted my jar !"—she exclaimed.

" Give me broad vulgar day-light !" roared out my Uncle, hurrying to the window-shutter—I am as wet as a fish ! what will follow if the *gas* catches me ?"

" You will then be in a *state of combination !*"

" URANIA !" sorrowfully he cried, " you always are contriving to produce the reverse !"

Recovered from their fright, at length he put a simple question—" On what day ?" She replied, " Not on a Tuesday, because that is eclipse-night !"

Two Lights upon one Subject.

He now tenderly thanked her for the honour she had proposed to confer on him, and added, if she would but publish her account of the planet Jacob, dating it on their marriage-day, it would vex the Royal Society! An astronomer, if he is clever, can always make a bustle, when he chooses, throughout Europe! he has only to describe a comet; but others may find it if they can!"

"Ah!—oh!—ha!"—thrice she exclaimed, in a twitter of confusion.—"One gets nothing but disappointments in science now-a-days*!" What do you think, after all my watching, and more pains bestowed on

* I observe, at a time when comets have become so common, and planets are hardly worth chit-chat, that there is a reason for all this confusion in the heavens. "Astronomers of late discover, by the *unfortunate perfection* to which their instruments are carried, *new* COMETS and *new* PLANETS for every new almanack!" But the writer (as cautious as my-

the description, than on the comet, your planet turns out to be? Nothing more, positively, than a monstrous blue-bottle fly, which had stuck on the glass!"

My Uncle groaned—URANIA said, in a tone of tender querulousness, taking off his wig, and fondly playing with it in her hand —"I thought I had it safe enough! but I

self) thinks these are not always comets and planets —and shews how the ASTRONOMERS are continually squabbling about them.

PHILO. MAG. *vol.* xiii. *p.* 296.

LALANDE addresses the French government: "I solicit the government to propose prizes to accelerate our knowledge of comets. It is however so *easy to find comets,* that those not astronomers may discover them when they choose."

PHILO. MAG. *vol.* xi. *p.* 90.

A Mons. CAIGNE, a French notary, who did not know so much of astronomy as LALANDE, but had great zeal about comets, offered, in May, a prize of 600 francs to the discoverer of one. He thought at least that his *heirs* might pay for it. When, lo! in the following month, one was brought to him. He was *astonished* at the comet, but was obliged to pay the 600 francs down for it.

can't help it, Jacob! Had I a *Georgium Sidus* in my hand, as I have your wig, you, and you alone should have had it!"—clapping the wig on his head.

My Uncle, sensible of her affection, considered that "all for love and the world was well lost." The world, he cried, has lost another world; but I have found a planet still, and I will be the inhabitant of my own planet!

CHAPTER L.

If Fate, reluctant to complete my joy,
Denied the blessing of *a sprightly boy;*
Some EMBRIO SEMBLANCE of thy form divine,
At least has floated in the glassy shrine.

SCRIBLERIAD, B. III. V. 335.

OF MY COUSIN!—MY AUNT'S LONGINGS—AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

My Aunt, after her marriage, became skittish and playful—full of those odd whims that a lady in her situation sometimes is foolishly allowed to indulge—but it was hoped that the wife of a modern philosopher would not have turned out a mere rantipole. She made my Uncle uneasy, for he was very

curious and critical respecting the organization of his future heir, and implored her, during the time of gestation, to dine on salads, and keep her temper *. He had a favourite theory of the *Calipædia*, or art of begetting beautiful children; and he insisted my aunt should wear about her neck one of his ugly antiquarian toys! But she modestly

* "Is it not natural to think that an *infant in the womb* may be affected by the *temper* of its mother? Its tender parts make it susceptible of the slightest impressions. When a woman is *breeding*, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper, and not indulge in any *ideas* but what are cheerful, and *sentiments* but what are kindly."

KAIMES' *Sketches of the History of* MAN, *vol.* ii. *p.* 92.

There are some Philos who are much more curious respecting their *child in the womb*, than *out of it*. An anecdote is told of Lord KAIMES, that when he reproached his daughter for acting with a *certain freedom* she ought not, she replied, that she had been taught there was no great harm in it, according to the *principles* of his *modern philosophy!*

persisted in declaring it was not in fashion *. "You do not know," he would say to my Aunt, "what is going forwards in you. Your child is agitated by your own passions. Every frown on your face probably tweaks my heir; the blood of the child is the blood of the mother; the body is the same body; and, I do not say it for the sake of the antithesis, but for the sake of the child—the child is not only the mother, but is a finer kind of mother! a mother of pearl, or the pearl of a mother!"

The truth is, he had always feared that my Aunt, from her scientific propensities,

* Dr. DARWIN imagines, that the custom of the Roman ladies wearing phalli about their necks, or in their hair, was the cause of their producing a greater proportion of male children; and delivers some very obscure hints, in pretty clear language, of the art of getting beautiful children, and of procreating either males or females!

ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 270.

and particularly from her late ardent attachment to natural history, might lie-in of some monster! Yet Dr. MUNRO, who has written so much on the nervous system, comforts the father of any monster, that though their brains are very small, their limbs are wonderfully plump; though they may want even a head, their other parts may be very perfect, and after all they may have two heads instead of one *!

* SMELLIE's *Philosophy of Natural History, vol.* i. *p.* 210.

Mons. DE SALES will not allow there is any such thing existing as a *monster!* He says, our naturalists resemble that ambassador who drew a circle round Antiochus, and forbid him to pass that line under the penalty of being declared an enemy of Rome. Thus they form a particular system on the organization of beings; and whenever nature wanders from it, they accuse her of producing *monsters!*

A monster, he says, is only an individual being differing from common forms. The pen of the naturalist creates monsters, nature only individuals!

He says, only fanatics would wish to stifle them, and that we have no right to kill a child with three

The reader has often heard of the strange effects of the unhappy imaginations of *pregnant ladies*; if you do not immediately put before them what they wish, they threaten they will LONG FOR IT! Such is the exquisite delicacy of the fibres of their brain, that

legs, or another who comes into the world with it's heart tied about its neck, hanging like a locket; and another who came into the world in breeches and a hat on it's head. Have we (he cries) ascended the scale of being, or become acquainted with that order which exists, to know whether such beings are deviations? By no means! There are monsters who ought to live and be grateful to nature. Would you deem the following hare a monster? it belonged to the Elector of Hanover, was born with two heads, four ears, and eight feet, as if nature had glued two hares together. Whenever it was fatigued with running on one side, it turned itself on the other, and began a new race afresh! He tells also of a learned German family, the Billingers, who are always born with twelve fingers and twelve toes. Do you not conceive that the Billingers (Germans as they are!) must not necessarily have a tact more exquisite, and exceed us in sensibility!

Philosophie de la Nature, tome vi. *p.* 1.

whenever the animal spirits do not go on in their regular traces, lacqueying, as it were, the ideas with due sobriety, they are apt to fly off in a flurry, dashing pell-mell, helter-skelter, along all the cross roads of their brain! Terrible must those vagaries turn out; and hence are creatures produced, whom it would be libelling nature to affirm are produced in a natural way. These ladies may deem themselves fortunate when their offspring are only *marked* either by a rabbit's head or a mouse's tail, a plate of strawberries and cream, or a pinch of snuff*; in a word, by *something*, which has looked like *anything!*

He has heard too, concerning the *more strange longings* of that susceptible animal—a future mother!

* These gentler kinds of *longings* are humorously alluded to by SMOLLET. Mrs. Trunnion *longs* for a *hair* from the *beard* of her husband, and what was worse, she must have the pleasure of pulling it out herself.

One day my Aunt *longed* for my Uncle, and behold, when he came, she wanted to eat him up alive * !

* I am informed that a wife who could eat up her husband, either for *love* or *hatred,* is by no means a case peculiar to our family !

GAUBIUS, a learned German, titling himself " A Professor on the *Passions,*" in his inaugural discourse gives one case. " Why should I mention that women with child have by unnatural longings been driven to that pitch of inhumanity, that they have sought to *feed on the flesh* of their HUSBANDS !"— This is to be understood without a metaphor. We often hear ladies declare that their *sweet* husbands are most natural to them ! the cause, no doubt, of their continually patting and pawing them.

But to return *once more* to the more terrific *longers !* SAINT MARTHE gives us a *fact* which occurred to his knowledge.

Once I beheld, to glut her ravenous maw,
A pregnant woman living chickens draw
Swift from beneath the crested mother's wing,
Fiercely she snatch'd them, fluttering as they stood
Devour'd the flesh, and drank the reeking blood ;
Within her jaws the brood were heard to cry,
One half was swallowed ere each bird could die.
PÆDOTROPHIA, *B. I. v.* 387.

I lament that I am compelled to bring forward

When my Aunt was advanced in pregnancy, in spite of all my Uncle could say, she resolved, being fair time, to give sixpence to look at a rope-dancing ape. This animal did so enter into her imagination, and so titillate her animal spirits, ramping along her exquisite nervous system, dancing at all hours on the vibratory cords of her cerebellum—that, till her time came, she was observed to skip over every rope she met with, clapping her hands, and tittering like the ape! What Jacob observed at the time was only laughed at, though WILMOT did maliciously hope that such a philosophical pair might produce an offspring that could never be christened!

My Uncle persisted in saying,—"Rely on it, that I am cuckolded by an ape!"

such terrific evidences to authenticate *my Aunt's* LONGINGS! but a researcher into the secrets of nature ought not to have over-nice, or over-humane feelings—or he will never be a GALVANI, or a SPALLANZANI—or even MY UNCLE!

To the mortification of our family did my Aunt lie-in of a perfect *ape*, with the *white cap*, and the *red waistcoat*, just as the ape wore and my Uncle predicted * !

Another extraordinary thing — she took eleven months for this pregnancy—such a time is necessary for the gestation of an ape—but had it been born beyond the eleventh of her widowhood, it would have been a legitimate ape †.

* I could give the reader a number of curious prodigies of this kind—medical writers abound in them! but I do not find one so positive, so clear, and so satisfactory as my cousin ! MALLEBRANCHE tells us of a pious woman looking with too intense a pleasure on the picture of Saint Pius—and laying-in of a child bearing his *perfect resemblance*. It had the wrinkled face of the old saint, came into the world with its arms across its breast, with a low forehead and a hanging lip ! The little saint, when preserved in spirits of wine, was examined by all Paris ! And supposing PERE MALLEBRANCHE, for the sake of his system of the animal spirits, does not flim-flam, is it clear that the infant saint did not look as much like a withered pippin, as Saint Pius ?

† Citizen TESSIER is so kind as to discover that a woman may take eleven months for her pregnancy,

My unlucky cousin was immediately put into spirits of wine by my Uncle, who acted more like a naturalist on this occasion than a man. WILMOT barbarously insisted that my cousin was only fit to be thrown to the dogs, or sent to Mr. HEAVYSIDE, whose parental affection for such orphans is so well known.

There may be some who will not credit this authentic history of my cousin, and who might care nothing about him, though they even held my cousin in their own hands! but I am addressing a certain part of the

which he proves thus :—" The parliament of Paris decreed that a prince of Condé, born *eleven months* after the death of his father, was legitimate!" no doubt, the parliament of Paris, on this occasion, was as obliging as this citizen, would himself have been. I am sure I would not impeach the chastity of this princess of Condé—or injure a *fact* so very useful *when philosophising in this manner!*

Phil. Mag. vol. ii. *p.* 424.

philosophical world; those naturalists who would conceive it fortunate to have such an addition to their family—they know the value of such a precious *lusus naturæ*. After all that can be urged in favour of christianity, an ordinary christian is no curious monster, nor can materially add to a gentleman's collection, except by dissection!—but for this purpose, the biggest blockhead, Jew or Turk, is fully competent.

CHAPTER LI.

Lo the good man still dreams of HORNS—appears
To his own fancy,
OX at the least, who was an ASS before!

RANDOLPH.

CUCKOLDOM AND PUBLIC UTILITY!—MY AUNT AND CONTOUR ARE MUTUALLY SMITTEN WITH A VIOLENT PASSION—FOR THE FINE ARTS!

After my Aunt's unlucky lying-in of an ape, Jacob became affected by all the terror of cuckoldom. I thought something like a phrenzy was working on his spirits by his incessant discussions on the same eternal

topic with CACONOUS — "Whether cuckoldom in *society* was to be tolerated?" They agreed it was!—but when my Uncle examined whether it was tolerable *at home?* he would not allow this! Jealousy makes a philosopher so inconsequent in his nice reasonings! CACONOUS argued much in favour of "*public utility.*" Jacob rested on Blackstone for "*private wrongs.*" They went to it ding-dong, day after day. My Uncle declared that CACONOUS argued as if a man's horns were a *corona civica!* while CACONOUS replied, that if my Uncle persisted in his absurd prejudices, he would come in time to wish his most intimate friends were *castrati!*—Would not that be a violation of "public utility?" But my Uncle was bit by a mad dog—CACONOUS's arguments were all so much water to him, who was in a state of hydrophobia.

A familiar intercourse existed between my

Aunt and CONTOUR.—Doubtless it sprung out of a congenial passion — for the fine arts! But all your enthusiasts in the fine arts, whose heads and tongues are less judicious than their eyes, make use, like the Methodists, of strange indecent language—and gestures too! Such "words that burn," accompanied by such attitudes! such simpering! such glances!—that to a mere experimental philosopher, with my Uncle's temperate blood—they appeared at least what I want delicate language to express. I attempted to soften his irritation by describing the quick feelings of delicate taste; he had no conception of them! But he was long restrained from breaking out in the terrific manner he afterwards did, by recollecting the place he occupied in the eye of the public.—Jacob was one of the Presidents of POLITE ARTS in the ADELPHI!

In favour of my Aunt, I must say, that

she had of late been sensible of Jacob's coolness towards her since the affair of the ape—and whether she proposed to inflame him, either by way of revenge, or out of the thoughtless vanity of the sex, or to reclaim his lost affections, she and CONTOUR were eternally disserting about the NUDE—ideal grace—susceptibility, &c.—which generally closed with a mutual attack on some part of their bodies—before the enquiring eyes of the experimental philosopher!

There was a circumstance which greatly tended to inflame the ardours of CONTOUR for my Aunt, and was the source of a hundred of those enamouring attentions, those sweet civilities, which my Uncle beheld with a pair of magnifying eyes, that made them most horrible to look on.

CONTOUR, touched with the tenderest passion for my Aunt, broke her arm for her!—and this, of course, was a trial for

them both ; she still doated on him with a more tender enthusiasm, he with perpetual gratitude !

'Twas done when she sat to him as a model, in attempting to adjust my Aunt's arms and legs to one of the figures of MICHAEL ANGELO, or FUSELI—her arm could not bear the twist, and snapped * !

* Mr. R. P. KNIGHT has criticised the extravaganzas of MICHAEL ANGELO, and his *imitators*, in his " Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste," *p.* 294. MICHAEL ANGELO's sublime genius has effected much good and much evil in ART ; " even in representing *sleep*, he could not employ a *natural* or *easy* posture ; but has put Adam into one, in which all the narcotic powers of opium could scarcely have enabled him to rest." *p.* 298.

CHAPTER LII.

Whoe'er he be, that to a TASTE aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires!

BRAMSTON's *Man of Taste.*

PROGRESS OF THE LOVES OF TWO *AMATEURS!*—MY AUNT IS CHARMED BY EXQUISITE HARMONY—HER EAR COMPARED TO ANOTHER EAR—SYMPTOMS OF JEALOUSY RESPECTING EYES, WIGS, AND SHOES—MY UNCLE'S DISTRESSED SITUATION, BEING GORED BY THE HORNS OF BACCHUS.

SOMETIMES would our modern Raphael, nestling close to my Aunt, (to use his language,) sigh for that deliquium of pleasure which is best expressed by tones and inflexions, so gentle, that they are almost imperceptible to hearing!

I have heard her say to CONTOUR, "Indulge me, dear Nightingale!" (so she used to nick-name him,) "by whispering so softly that I can't hear you!" He invited my Aunt to hear the sweet soft tones of the Æolian harp, which so admirably agree with the still softness of moon-light.—And actually one morning my Aunt left my Uncle in bed, to join CONTOUR at the earliest break of morn, to listen to the song of the lark, so suitably cheerful to the rising of the sun!

Will the reader credit me, that my Aunt had no better an EAR for music, than a *pitcher* has?

CONTOUR, with all these picturesque attitudes, expressive gesticulations, and fervid ejaculations, peculiar to the enthusiasm of art, would put himself in the most indecent postures before my Aunt; squeeze her white hands, for they were white when they were not inky; measure her neck, which he said

had the exact dimensions of the Venus de Medicis, and pinch her ear, which he swore was as fine an ear, particularly at the tip, as his Minerva's on his chimney-piece. He had really more the manners of a young satyr than a young gentleman. My Uncle, with a wry face, wondered how my Aunt could suffer so much fumbling. She replied, that CONTOUR was a *man of great feeling!*

Sometimes would CONTOUR, running volubly on, make a hundred over-refined strictures on the HAIR of women. He had all the ideas of an artist in hair—I mean a painter! He declared how "by its comparative roughness and partial concealments, it relieves the clearness and smoothness of a beautiful face." He preferred crisped hair, notwithstanding the Greeks were enamoured of the floating tresses, silky soft, or when "the hyacinthian locks hung clustering like the growth of grapes," as in gems and statues.

At such a moment would my Aunt, observing my Uncle twitching himself at the edge of his chair, ask CONTOUR, with a malicious grin, what kind of hair he thought she had? To which he would reply by laughing and playing with her locks, and twirling her tresses, and fancifully arranging them into pendulous folds, like the head-dress of Aspasia, or frizzing them into a pyramid of curls, like Plotina's—or, taking off her riband, he would bind it round her forehead, to imitate the ancient fillet worn by the Vestals, swearing my Aunt had a sweet low forehead, like Sappho's, and such as the Greeks maddened after.

"*Insignis* TENUI FRONTE *Lycoris.*"

HORACE.

My Uncle insisted on my Aunt's wearing a crop!

Our RAPHAEL was so partial to Greek

taste, that he could not patiently look on a woman dressed with a little comfort and modesty. He made my Aunt draw her sleeves above her shoulders, and her tucker under her stomach, and this, too, at Christmas! At length matters rose to such a height, that he actually persuaded her to be *habillée à la Grec* in *flesh-coloured silk!* What a bluster was kept up in our family all that day when she came down to dinner! The servants leering, and swearing they were positive their mistress had not a shift to her back; CONTOUR squalling and gesticulating in rapture; Jacob spilling his wine on the clean table-cloth in agony!

My Uncle made her dye the flesh-coloured silk a rich Mazarine blue; put sleeves to it, and, in fact, converted the Grecian tunic into a plain round gown. My Aunt looked, as CONTOUR declared, as monstrous as the Indian god *Brahma!*

CONTOUR was then about her EYES! He was in raptures with black eyes, such as the Orientalists adored; then for green eyes, the eyes of cats, which were the eyes of Madam Fayel, the unhappy mistress of De Coucy—or for purple eyes,

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

When my Aunt asked what he thought of *her eyes*—he said they were described by Petronius,

Oculorum quoquo mobilis petulantia.

My Uncle marvelled at his impudence! One day my Aunt lolling fantastically on her Etruscan sopha, CONTOUR actually took off my Aunt's shoe, exclaiming, "Oh, that I could be used by you but as your sandal, to be pressed by your delicate feet!"—Jacob started up; his hot heart seemed devilling on a gridiron: he furiously asked what he

meant ?—CONTOUR, with his peculiar sweetness of manner and equable mildness, gracefully turning to him, replied,—" Only a quotation from Anacreon, at the close of his two-and-twentieth Ode !"—" True ! true !" replied my Uncle, striking his burning forehead, and, as in all violent passions, with an action extremely angular.—" You will run mad, Jacob !" exclaimed my Aunt, holding up her foot to CONTOUR, who declared it was a foot fit for an ancient buskin !

At length matters came to such a pass, that once, when CONTOUR was haranguing about the beauty of the human form, and particularly that of woman—Jacob surlily, and more like an *anatomist* than an amateur, declared, looking at my shuddering Aunt—that the true beauty of it lies in the *inside*, and not the *out !*

Of all the provoking circumstances and odd vexatious coincidencies, which accident

Greek Feeling.

and malice played on my unfortunate Uncle, stinging the open wounds of his honour—the following was the most remarkable.

CONTOUR, having remarked a curious passage in Spence's Polymetis, was so struck by it, that his wits rambled in the form of an Essay, to be presented to the Adelphi Committee of Polite Arts, and with the work in his hand he consulted my Uncle, who was the President. The passage in Spence runs thus: "There is one thing which the poets generally attribute to BACCHUS, which I am surprised not to find commonly in his statues —and that is—his HORNS! Even these were *little* and *pretty*, and Ariadne, in Ovid, mentions them as *one reason* why she loved this god*."

My Uncle scarcely had heard the passage read, than it occurred to him that CONTOUR

* Spence's Polymetis, *p.* 129.

designed to expose him to the laughter of his Committee! He rose from his chair! he perambulated the apartment—he run over the horns, "little and pretty," a *reason* too for his wife's loving him! The whole was, he thought, too pointed!—the horns of Bacchus gored him.

"I shall also notice,"—continued CONTOUR —"these *horns* were sometimes *gilded**."

"And you have paid for the gilding! when you were at Rome?" my Uncle grinned a ghastly smile.

CONTOUR, whose attention was absorbed in his Essay, continued.—"I have drawn up a list of all those that have horns, which I myself have known."

"Can you, with tranquil feelings, look over this list?" said Jacob.—"How, CONTOUR, have you escaped the *stiletto* of the

* Horace, Lib. II. O. xix. v. 30. Statius, Lib. III. Sylv. iii. v. 62.

bravo? But"—(here he swore!)—"you shall not send this *Essay on* HORNS to my Committee, without first fighting me!"

CONTOUR alarmed, astonished, explained! He with sweet urbanity tore the list of his horned friends, to appease the disturbed fancy of the jealous President of the Polite Arts!

O JEALOUSY! thou jaundiced-eyed passion! to what a state didst thou reduce my Uncle! when even a dry nomenclature, a *catalogue raisonnée*, a frigid disquisition on VERTU—could fever the temperate blood of an *experimental philosopher!*

CHAPTER LIII.

Would not an old Italian trust his wife with a young Painter, and leave her with him to draw her naked?

Sir W. DAVENANT's *The Man's the Master.*

PHILOSOPHY TRIUMPHS OVER TASTE—RAPHAEL GETS KICKED.

I AM now to describe one of those terrible explosions of jealousy, which cannot fail, in due course of time, to break out into some terrific and pathetic incident—to the great satisfaction of the *novelist*—whether writer or reader.

It was in the dog-days—a time, perhaps, not inauspicious to love, but presumed to be

unfavourable to lunacy—and, indeed, my Uncle was always alarmed at extreme heat or extreme cold—such weather producing great crimes * ! !

My Uncle and Aunt were seated as closely together, as a kind of returning affection in Jacob's breast induced him. Tenderly he pressed his URANIA's hand; her eyes were as tenderly fixed on Jacob's snipish physiognomy—the nearly horizontal line from the crown of his head to the tip of his nose! One of his small eyes sparkled—like the first cinder kindling in a cold fire-place; the pro-

* "Great HEAT and great COLD have an influence over the PASSIONS. I have ever observed that the *hottest days* of Summer, and the *coldest* in Winter, were those days in the year when the greatest *number of crimes* were committed ! ! The *dog-days*, cry the vulgar, is a season of misfortune. They may say the same of the month of *January !*"

ST. PIERRE *Etudes de la Nature*, Eng. French edit. *vol.* i. *p.* 169.

mise of that agreeable conflagration about taking place.

At that moment CONTOUR bounced into the apartment, and with that French *legeretē* and Italian *morbidezza* of his, drew a chair, dashed between my Uncle and my Aunt—and fairly divided them!

It was at a moment, too, when my Uncle felt himself a man!—meditating on a rupture, for which he had hitherto only wanted courage and choler!

The volatile CONTOUR then run on glibly. "*Carissimo amico!*" (turning to Jacob,) "I have come to ask a thing of you which will evince our exalted friendship, and which, perhaps, is incumbent on you as the President of the Polite Arts at the Adelphi, to allow me, as an amateur and an artist, to execute. I want a model—a woman!"

"Well, well!" replied my Uncle, sneeringly, "take to your Layman!"

" A Layman will not do for me! 'tis so stiff and woody! I want a model for sculpture. Here" (cried he) " is a more faultless hand than your lady's!" Saying this, he drew out of his pocket and flung on the table, in wild ecstasy, a marble hand!

My Aunt took it up, not half pleased by the comparison. She stretched her own hand by the side of the marble one, and coldly asked CONTOUR—" Why it was a finer hand than her own?"

CONTOUR stared—" 'Tis an undoubted original, done by Michael! it cost me fifty guineas! look at that little finger!"

My Aunt screamed in rapture—" I thought as much," cried she; " the instant I saw it I knew it to be Michael's! What a sublime little finger! It is his own real dear hand!"

" If you want a living model, go to the Academy!" said my Uncle. " Don't disturb the peace of my family!"

" The Academy is but ill provided with living models. Can we expect from squalid starved forms picked up in the streets, and hired by the hour, the naked simplicity of a Grace, which Raphael would have copied? I want a woman, to give the world—a woman!—an EVE! and I have been thinking that I can procure no such model as your lady.—"

" Mr. CONTOUR, are you serious?"—frowned my Uncle.

How shall I mould a statue to " enchant the world?" Can plaster of Paris warm and exalt my conceptions? I must have a living Eve!"

" With a fig-leaf?"—asked Jacob, pertly.

" By heavens! I would not have so INDECENT a thing as a *fig-leaf!*—The more naked a figure is, the more modest*! I would as

* " Let our travelled ladies who have walked *without harm* with gentlemen through every museum

well sculpture your wife with a petticoat on as with a fig-leaf * ? Have you *a narrow*

in Europe, and beheld all that Grecian art, even *when playful*, could shew, teach their countrywomen that true modesty disdains not to examine, with a steady eye, the *masculine parts of the antique statues*, conscious that they are as chastely represented as those of children by the hand of nature, which Innocence may, and does daily, behold unblushing; which, when *mutilated*, or *clumsily concealed*, shews a *narrow mind !*"

GEORGE CUMBERLAND's *Thoughts on Outline, &c. p.* 44.

This refined writer's notion of delicacy accords with that of the wild Africans of Mr. PARKE ! The Moors "could not reconcile themselves to *the appearance of* Mr. PARKE's *tight nankeen breeches !* which they considered very indecent !" and insisted on wrapping him in a cloak before he was conducted to the ladies ! p. 201. 8vo.

In respect to the *cloak*, which is not very favourable to *outline*, Mr. Cumberland would have violently differed ; he certainly would not have thought *a cloak* necessary for any thing of the kind ! Pray, Mr. CUMBERLAND, how would you have managed the affair of the *tight nankeen breeches ?*

* The *cognoscenti* may discover a singular improvement in our plate, since our first edition. The

mind? Alexander lent Apelles his beloved Campaspe. True! in drawing her naked

Apollo *is in breeches?* We live in times the most chaste!

I know a lady of fashion, whose delicacy was constantly alarmed at the sight of the Venus de Medicis. She has at length dressed the Venus in a flowing muslin drapery, though she herself wears scarce any; she hates, perhaps, a rival in the nude under her own roof!

The idea of clothing Apollo, in times so chaste, but so inflammable at the same time, as we are hastening to prove, the author owed to a delicate observation which the *oculos eruditos* of the Critical Reviewer enabled that nice judge to make. Stupidity becomes very interesting when it is made to produce lively ideas!

A difficulty of *this kind* occurred in very barbarous times; in the year of our Lord 850, in the most modest reign of Ethelwulph, a dark period indeed, as will appear in the anecdote I record.

There then flourished one Hoppner, a cunning penciller, who, in that night of ignorance, wrote verses in the usual manner of writing verses practised in those days. To these his "Oriental Tales" did he prefix a delectable print, in which stood a naked female figure, chaste as Diana herself! It was the innocent and fine production of his own child;

the artist fell in love with her—but a philosopher cannot be jealous! Is he not the

and it was looked on with a father's eye by whoever gazed on the bookseller's window.

But, as I said before, the age was so barbarous and unchaste, that the artist received a message from a high quarter, to withdraw this naked modest figure for its *immodesty!*

The artist was agonised by vexation! the print was withdrawn! What became of the poems afterwards I never could discover. Alas! why did he not put her—in PETTICOATS! TAG.

It is said that a bishop desired this print to be withdrawn. I respect the piety, but if we may trust artists, it is founded in error. A *naked figure* is not necessarily *immodest.*

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS says, "It is only when inferior artists treat the naked, that modesty is alarmed. In Vanderwerf's Judgment of Paris, the three goddesses are, in every sense of the word, goddesses indeed!"—"It is not (says TENHOVE) the *nakedness* of *a figure* that is exceptionable, but the indecency of its mien and attitude. Where the subject is chaste, nakedness is innocence. It is *not* DRESS itself that can convey the idea of *purity*, as may be learned from Grosley's description of the Saint Theresa of Bernini, in an ecstasy!"

RAG.

man of virtue, of long views, as CACONOUS expresses it; he can have no objection to form an equilateral triangle, as the Italians describe three personages, like ourselves*!

"Impudence!" exclaimed Jacob, rising—but I can trace no outline of his figure!

Turning on this occasion to "The Art of Acting," for I know of no "Art of Nature!"—I find the matter made to my hands.—In jealousy, says that great delineator of the human passions, a man stares—then he hangs his arms down, perhaps in his pocket-holes—then he takes them out—then, laying hold of the button of his dreaded rival, and lifting up one of his legs, (usually the right,) he makes a rotatory motion, in which he applies

* Francisco, Grand Duke of Tuscany, took a fancy to Bianca Capella, when wife of Bonaventura. The complaisant husband was liberally rewarded. The three personages formed what the Italians called "*Il triangolo equilatero.*"

it with all the energy of a lawful husband—to the miserable adulterer!

My Uncle did all this and looked a hero!

CONTOUR was astonished and nervous—URANIA screamed and was pathetic.—"Delicious CONTOUR! is he to be massacred by this dry bamboo of a philosopher!" cried my Aunt.

"A bamboo!" exclaimed CONTOUR—"not half so *yielding!* by GUIDO!"

"Delicious Contour!" repeated Jacob—"What then, (my Uncle, like some other heroes, could even make a simile in a passion, now he only made, however, a quotation,) as Othello cries, "thou hast *tasted* his sweet body?"

"Monster?" exclaimed my Aunt, shedding a pathetic shower. "Goth!" exclaimed CONTOUR, "are you not ashamed to draw tears from that excellent woman?"

"Tears, tears!"—replied the enraged

chemist—Tears are nothing more than secretions by the lachrymal glands, mucilage and common salt! a little more saline than usual —they inflame the eyes and make them red! that's all!"

CONTOUR, rubbing himself upwards and downwards—" Are you worthy to be a President of the *Polite Arts?* to kick an amateur because he offered to cut your wife in stone!"

My Uncle strutted across the room.—He strode as wide, and looked as tall, as one of Homer's heroes!—Plunged in thought, he muttered—" I will resign the *Polite Arts* in the Adelphi!"

CHAPTER LIV.

See!
Onward with loftier step APOLLO spring,
And launch the unerring arrow from the string!
DARWIN.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE APOLLO BELVIDERE—INCLUDING ANOTHER TRAGICAL SCENE!

AT the moment CONTOUR was attacked by Jacob, he was also attacked by his nerves—and likewise by his sympathy for the distressful condition of my Aunt. Our amateur was not in a state to return the kicking, if he had, my Uncle could not have continued so long on the wing; for the *sudden impulse* which had converted CONTOUR into a poltroon, had

been the sole cause of turning my Uncle into a hero; but CONTOUR's cowardice, luckily, outlasted my Uncle's intrepidity.

Ah! but what is this conflict compared with that series of conjugal chastisement my Uncle now prepared for my Aunt! He maliciously had a covering put on the Apollo Belvedere!—What indecency! My Aunt revenged herself by nick-naming my Uncle the breeches-maker *!

My Uncle confined my Aunt to her bed-chamber—swearing she was too fat and too gross in her blood; there was but one cure for a woman in her unhappy situation!

Putting the Apollo Belvedere into breeches was so rancorous an act, that I remonstrated

* In one of the pontificates a dress was thrown over the naked figures of Michael Angelo by Volterra, an artist who, perhaps, had more jealousy than modesty! From this circumstance he was facetiously called "*Il Braghettone!*"

with my Uncle. I confessed my Aunt's gestures appeared loose and dissolute, and her language somewhat obscene; but was not this usual with those amateurs, who have no other means, nor other language, to convey their feelingly-alive shades of taste? I boldly accused him with a natural frigidity, in respect to the fine arts; for he had acknowledged to me that the divine gratification he pretended to have felt in grasping the ample rotundity of the Venus *aux belles fesses*, was a pure flim-flam!

But he only called me a snivelling prig of a sentimental connoisseur!

Alarmed at my inexorable Uncle, I watched for some tragical event—at length the direful vengeance took place, and terrified my poor Aunt out of her senses!

One morning early, just before breakfast, did my Uncle enter my Aunt's bedchamber!

In one hand he held a bowl, and in the other a sharp and shining blade!

Already at her work, she was amusing herself by calculating the proportions of the Apollo; the fine east was standing before her, but the indeeent breeches were sewed on! At the appearanee of my Unele, she shrieked! "Ha!" he eried, "is it even so?" then to mortify her, he looked with a sneer on that faultless form, and eoldly asked, "what there was to admire so mueh in his head?"—Oh—that the Apollo eould have spoken! but that was no fault in his head! besides, my Aunt spoke enough for a dozen.

"Is your soul," she cried, "not penetrated by this fine illusion? An eternal spring of youth warms that celestial countenance? Are you not awe-struek by the majesty of the divinity, in the calm turn of that head! in those luxuriant tresses waving as the golden

hair of the god of light should flow? There is nothing human about him—not a vein interrupts the softness, not a nerve swells the form; a celestial vapour circulates in the lovely contours of the whole figure! Disdain just opens his lips; indignation just breathes in his nostrils, but his forehead is smooth with perpetual tranquillity! Does he not seem to walk along the air? He does not touch the earth! What a contour *!"

Here she strutted towards the Apollo, with one foot in the air!

* The text echoes WINKELMAN's rapturous description of the Apollo. See the last enlarged edition of his *Histoire de l'Art, tome* ii. *p.* 427. quarto.

He declared he never gazed on it, but he trod with a fiercer air. There is reason to suspect whether, after all, his feelings were so supernatural as his language. In his rash and illiberal declamations against our country, he has received the chastisement of genius, which has since avenged itself by its triumph in performing what the bigotted antiquary declared we never could!

" Devil!"—exclaimed my Uncle, in a furor of Vandalism, then with a cool malignant push at the fine cast, he repeated her beautiful language to flout her—" not touch the earth! oh yes!"—heavily fell the light-footed Apollo, and that inimitable head, rumbling, was dashed into pieces!

My Aunt shrieked! but her Apollo was no more!

" Madam!"—cried my Uncle—" take your choice! Your fate is before you. A draught from this"—pointing to the bowl! —" or a stroke from that"—pointing to the steel!

"Barbarian!" exclaimed my Aunt, looking on the headless Apollo—" unfeeling tyrant!" —looking on the bowl and steel—"poison or blood! Can nothing less assuage the inhumanity of science? Ah! had you but an atom of taste in your heavy soul, you might now act with the most graceful dignity!

These, these are the trials of *sentimental* VERTU !"

" And the triumph of the severer sciences, madam !"—replied my Uncle—" Swallow this ! or receive that !—PHYSIC it ! or BLEED it !"—

" Give me, give me the BOWL"—cried my Aunt in despair.

" If you still cherish criminal wishes, this will purge away the peccant humour, purify the loose thoughts, and cool the unnatural heat of your body. But if the bowl will not do this, depend on it the lancet shall."

In a word, my Aunt was confined to her apartment during the fall of the leaf, and after having undergone a severe course of autumnal physic, combined with a free use of the lancet, she was perfectly cured of her disordered affection*. She returned once

* The learned GAUBIUS, M. D. and also bearing the title of " *Professor on the Passions,*" was fully

more to the pursuits of the *exact sciences*, and the chaste embraces of my Uncle. She lost her plumpness, and her passion—for the fine arts! looked with the most guarded reserve on the amiable CONTOUR—and now could stand three hours answering conjectures why two and two made four?

My Uncle was so sensible of the perfect recovery of his URANIA's senses, and so proud

aware of the efficacy of my Uncle's mode of treatment. He says, "It has been a long established point that *plenitude* disposes to *anger*, *ferocity*, and *lust*; and that by *venesection* all these passions cool. Wherefore the advice of a physician, as Naudé relates it, was very salutary. The wife of this physician, hankering after illicit venery, he, under colour of being afraid that some dangerous illness was stealing upon her, advised her to submit to repeated *phlebotomy*, and other remedies of that kind. By these means he so weakened her, that when she was thus enfeebled and cooled, he found no difficulty to restrain her from her unlawful habits, &c."

GAUBIUS *on the Disorders of the Mind*, translated by J. Taprell, M.D.

of it too—that he made a handsome apology to CONTOUR for kicking him—CONTOUR received the apology with all that suavity of manners which charms us in the polished amateur, and the polite artist—There was a liberality in their proceedings which did equal honour to SCIENCE, and to TASTE!

CHAPTER LV.

From SUCH the world will judge of MEN and books!
POPE.

A TRIFLING EVENT HAVING TAKEN PLACE, MY UNCLE IN TOWN BECOMES A TOWN-CRITIC! —*CRITICAL TRICKS!*

AFTER this perfect cure performed on my Aunt, a trifling event occurred which brought my Uncle to town; the event, perhaps, was connected with my Aunt's cure—it was my Aunt's death! Yes, poor woman! she died! and received christian burial!—But as soon as the stone was laid flat upon her, there was an end of her! Her immortality, her obsti-

nate appeals to posterity, her persisting to expose the Royal Society, all came to nothing! We found, piled up in one of the garrets, three complete editions of three works, which, unknown to us all, she had printed; but my Uncle, who began to have a taste for the BELLES-LETTRES, was now astonished what a weak, crazy, affected being his URANIA had been; and went upon his knees before me, that I might never disclose her having been the author of such confounding theories and whims.—We burnt her works in the most private manner, a little every day; but we so heated our chimnies, that I thought my Aunt (though all the world had entirely forgotten her and her works,)—would have set fire to the house.

My Uncle in town became a TOWN-CRITIC! A great portion of THE CRITICAL ART is acquired by one's LEGS! pleasantly coursing from one bookseller's shop to another, the

bookseller tells you his morning anecdote. You encounter some learned critic, who hits upon a new reading; another communicates a notice respecting some work going to press; or, perhaps, has held in his own hand a wet sheet! What you hear in one quarter is new in another; provided you *time* your literary communications, and not grow tedious about a flim-flam at five o'clock, which might have been curious and important from twelve to two!

My Uncle's publisher had several grey-haired customers, who regularly filled the chairs in his shop, and who did nothing but buy new books, for the pleasure of inventing new terms of critical abuse. It appeared that all the taste and erudition of these three kingdoms were thrust into this bookseller's shop —not on his shelves—all there was supposed spurious!—but in the CHAIRS! Lean Aristotles, fat Quintilians, and venerable Horaces, mumbled their malice, and prosed their pet-

tishness—till dinner-time! As soon as an author lay cold in the earth he began to be liked among them; they were the Sextons of Literature, never caring for any one till he was *buried!* I never heard a contemporary author's name mentioned with a nod of approbation, but I was certain it was a *mortuary acknowledgment*!* These *booksellers' chairs* were so ill-natured!

All this industrious bustle, joined, too, with a sedulous attendance on all BOOK-SALES, and some cajoling of PRINTERS, to get a glance at their MSS. to give a guess at the hand-writing—will not constitute an *accomplished critic!* My Uncle founded his reputation on more refined and subtile Machiavelism.

In respect, for instance, to MODERN POEMS, I pitied my Uncle's situation. He in his

* An acknowledgment, according to the custom of some counties, made to the vicar on the death of a parishioner. ASH.

heart abominated them all, and confidentially declared to me that *modern poetry*, to any man of *common sense*, must always be unintelligible. Yet, notwithstanding all this, was my Uncle a formidable critic; and it was even conjectured, as luckily for him, he had never written a verse, and never blundered in a criticism, that he himself might be, if he chose to take the trouble, a great poet.

He extricated himself amidst this delicate distress, in the following manner. Taking a MODERN POEM in his hand, with a due composure of features, he would ejaculate in the dignified language of science,

MECONIUM!

When once the *age* of the *poet* was ascertained, how did his friends open their eyes at his sagacity! If the work of a VETERAN, it was *Meconium*, which signifies *expressed juice of poppy!* If some juvenile production, it was

Meconium, because that word also signifies *the first excrement of children in coming into the world!*

When my Uncle became a *belles-lettres* man, he composed for the press, in a manner equally curious and critical. He regularly observed the breadth of four fingers laid flat upon his page, as a proper distance to be kept between his lines, that this admirable space might hereafter be filled up "with interstitial words, and delicacies of diction, that occur at intervals of leisure, or lucky moments of composition," as Johnson expresses it! It was my Uncle's opinion that so far from most of our writers being wasters of paper, (a long-reproached crime!) that, on the contrary they were much too penurious; for if they would leave the breadth of four fingers between their lines, a great deal of good matter might have been inserted, and their works wonderfully improved thereby. On

this principle he, with facetious felicity, adopted the phrase usually employed when an author compels us to be favoured with a perusal of his MS. prepared for the press.

An author solicited my Uncle's corrections. —Now my Uncle hated to be a literary veneerer.—Having kept the MS. for a certain decent time, he handed it to the author, complimenting him that *he had left*

NO ROOM FOR CORRECTION!

The author smirked and published, but such an outcry was raised against the work! The author appealed to my Uncle's positive decision; but my Uncle explained, with a malicious grin—the principle of his criticism!

My Uncle was a great admirer of this kind of ambidextrous criticism—often had it saved his honour, but surely not his conscience! 'twas the pious fraud of ARIUS, saying one thing and thinking of two!

According to Socrates the historian, Constantine the Great commanded ARIUS to subscribe to the opinion of the Council of Nice, which was a final condemnation of ARIUS.

The signature of ARIUS was brought to the Emperor. The Emperor could not credit it! He summoned the arch Heresiarch to swear before him that he had subscribed!

ARIUS SWORE!

He had concealed under his arm his own particular opinions, written by himself, and when he swore, as he held the condemnation of the Council, that *he held what he had written*—by these words he alluded to *his own opinions* UNDER HIS ARM, and not the *decision of the Council* IN HIS HAND!

My Uncle once said to console an unfortunate author, you should not be surprised that

your READERS and YOU do not *think alike!* First of all you write *thirty-sheets in an hour**! consider how *many words* those thirty sheets contain which you yourself do not under-

* Mr. NICHOLSON gives an account of a French work to *expedite writing*, by which a gain of two thirds of the time employed is said to be obtained—I do not see any *gain* is obtained by the public, if this unlucky invention only tends to make some authors (not such as Mr. NICHOLSON) write faster than they already do.

However, even Mr. NICHOLSON, I fear, writes too much! He says "The most speedy writer I ever employed as an amanuensis could write *thirty sheets from dictation in the hour!* but I never employed him *so regularly* as to know whether he could *continue* FOR DAYS *at that rate!* (So that Mr. N. infers he *could* dictate thirty sheets in an *hour* for DAYS together!) He adds, "I myself write at the rate of *twenty-seven*," but when Mr. N. is assisted by *short-hand writers*, he tremendously pours out *forty-five sheets* in the hour, but he still laments that short-hand writers use not half the *dispatch* they ought. The secret of QUARTO-*making* is told at once.

NICHOLSON'*s Journal, vol.* iii. *p.* 380.

Women are censured because of their eternal clack, but the clack of the pen! is something!

stand; for my project of introducing the science of CHEMISTRY into LITERATURE, by analyzing, compounding, and decompounding WORDS, too evidently will shew how many chances there are against us all, that we shall not be understood in the manner we wish *.

* Citizen ROEDERER, in a work entitled, *L'Art de Savoir ce qu'on dit en Politique et en Morale,* proposes to apply ANALYSIS to a great number of questions. He made the first trial of *his method* on that proposed by the class as the subject of a prize, viz. What are the institutions best calculated to lay the foundation of *morals* in a nation?

By *examining* and distinguishing the *different acceptations* of *each of the words,* Cit. ROEDERER found, by

DECOMPOSITION,

that it is susceptible of 120——different meanings!!! He afterwards determined, by

RECOMPOSITION,

that meaning in which it *ought to be understood.*"

Phil. Mag. vol. ii. *p.* 208.

This application of the science of CHEMISTRY to *moral philosophy,* I cannot sufficiently admire; it evi-

dently proves that a Philo's words *may* be misunderstood 119 times before he is perfectly comprehended! I know not that this is a *discovery*, but am convinced it is a *truth!*

Cit. ROEDERER merits one of the *titles* of the *schoolmen*. Shall he be saluted, like RAYMOND LULLY, as the *illuminated Doctor?* or like JOHN of Salisbury, *the Doctor of Doctors?* I wish from my soul I could say this *Senator* was like a very obscure doctor, who was called *Doctor illibatus;* the *Doctor without a blemish!*

Beyond them all,
Lo! he a rope of sand could twist—
As tough as learned Sorbonist;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full:
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

CHAPTER LVI.

EDITIONS various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought!*
He TITLES knows, and INDEXES has seen,
But leaves to Atticus *what lies between!*

YOUNG.

BIBLIOGRAPHY—MARTIAL PREFERRED TO VIRGIL!—BOOK-SALES—A JOKE OF SHAKSPEARE'S NOT YET FOUND OUT!—PRINT COLLECTING!

WHEN my Uncle became what is emphatically termed a COLLECTOR, a virtuoso in rare and curious books, in all his feats of BIBLIOMANIA, touched by the hallowed fire of the departed spirits of *Pinelli*, *De Missy*, and *Cracherode*, still breathing in their *priced ca-*

*talogues**, the emptiness of his purse could not satiate the ardour of his soul.

Any vulgar person would have imagined that the ancient printers were our intimate neighbours, from the daily conversations he held about them—the Aldi, the Stephenses, the Elzevirs! Ah! little did these honest souls imagine what future plagues they were inflicting on families with small incomes! A true collector, though all his family stand before him shivering without a shirt or a shift, will deem his table well covered, if he sees on it an *editio princeps—a Greek Psalter* illuminated—or, oh! too great a treasure!—at least to pay the *money down for it*, as my Uncle did!—a *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta!*—Ah! (cried I) I wish the Polyglots had been all

* Catalogues of book-sales from the last century, with the prices at which they sold affixed, are excessively precious—they form the chronological value of books, and are necessary to every bibliographer.

sent up to heaven in vellum rockets* ! A five shilling bible is bible enough for any honest

* The first polyglot was projected by Cardinal XIMENES, who at sixty began to study the Hebrew, and paid 50,000 ducats for MSS. and for learned men. The MSS. from which this much-famed POLYGLOT was composed, were sold to a dealer in fireworks, *como membranas inutiles !* 'Tis a provoking circumstance, I acknowledge—but still the librarian or waste-paper merchant, in this instance, who sold them, might have been as ignorant as the rocket-maker who fired them off—and neither might intend any mischief.—The learned MICHAELIS is in a rage to immortalize him! declaring he was the greatest barbarian of the 18th century! Another professor flew from Germany to Spain just in time to snatch *a few scattered leaves* which are luckily preserved at the University of Alcala ! and shewn, I conceive, at a great distance, to the virtuosi on saints-days, with the great thumb-nail of St. James.

But an important controversy is now going forwards in the learned world, whether these MSS. were *paper* or *vellum !* Mr. MARSH, a profound biblical critic, would console us for the loss of these MSS. by supposing them to have been only *paper !* But he encounters a formidable adversary in Mr. DIBDIN, who laboriously investigating the *membranas inutiles*, infers that possibly they might have been *vellum !*

christian! "Do you" (said I to my Uncle) "believe a chapter more, for all this gigantic plaything with which the old proud Cardinal XIMENES diverted his melancholy fits when twitted by the Spanish grandees? Do you

Mr. MARSH says, they never make *fire-rockets* of *vellum*—Mr. DIBDIN says, that "a delicate sort of vellum might, in his own opinion, make a squib, a cracker, or a *rocket!* Nay, adds he, with an argument like a clap of thunder, "I have *seen* parchment on the *exterior of a rocket!*—Then, gentlemen! I imagine the whole affair is at length gravely decided, whether the MSS. Cardinal Ximenes used for his polyglot were paper or vellum—"No!" says Mr. DIBDIN, after all this close examination, *de rerum natura*—"If I could obtain a sight of the *few scattered leaves*, preserved in the University at Alcala, then I think I should be able to decide whether they are *paper* or *vellum!*"—I believe *not!* For if such a genius as Mr. DIBDIN were to inspect those *few scattered leaves* at the *University of Alcala*, he would set the whole University in a flame, and madden the Spaniards by conjecturing the *few scattered leaves* were neither *paper* nor *vellum!*

See T. F. DIBDIN's *Greek and Latin Classics, p.* 111.

believe at the rate of the fifty guineas, at which they nailed you for your Polyglot?"

I trembled whenever he talked of an *unique copy*, and once, particularly, had a fit of sickness occasioned by "the *most magnificent*, and *largest book* ever printed on VELLUM!" It cost two hundred guineas! large paper, lovely type, and sumptuous ornaments; all these, he said, rejoiced the eye, and gave a new pleasure to the reader. So they do; but I never like to pay for pleasure more than the pleasure is worth; I wished to the devil the *famous edition of the Latin Vulgate*, by Pope Sixtus Vth! What do you think, dear reader, it is famous for?—because *it is full of errors!* His holiness blundered through the Latin Vulgate, and my Uncle gave sixty guineas for what he called a *very fine copy* *.

* This book, emphatically called "The famous Edition of the Vulgate, by Pope Sixtus Vth," was

Day following day, he and his perpetual rival, Dr. GLUM, were measuring, and comparing, and quarrelling about *their margins!* The Doctor had bought a most curious thing; it was *an uncut* MARTIAL *on vellum, an Aldus!* And with more honesty than wisdom, paid forty pounds for it.

Now my Uncle had an *editio princeps* of VIRGIL! but, sir, it had a margin that maddened the collectors! It certainly was one of those interesting singularities that stupify one with astonishment; a thing one is more likely to hear of, than so fortunate as to behold! My Uncle fairly offered to *measure*

published in 1590. The Pope superintended the work both before and after it was committed to the press. It was no sooner published than it was discovered to be *full of errors!* Every copy was called in and destroyed; a very few escaped! and when these are to be met with on *large paper,* the collector will cover this Book of Blunders with new guineas to be suffered to become a purchaser!

margins with Dr. GLUM's Martial; but the Doctor would have cut off the margins of his fingers rather than those of his Martial—yet still he went running about the town, asserting (oh the provoking animal!) that his were the broadest! This was extremely uncandid, and as far as I know, if I may be allowed the expression, it was a lie! My Uncle hit him a sly stroke! Jacob gave out that the Doctor preferred MARTIAL to VIRGIL; which did the latter no credit among his classical friends at Oxford.

However, the Doctor and my Uncle were like the two kings of Brentford, smelling at one nosegay; they were all day long gratuitously taxing catalogues, telling titles, collating books, and settling with "an infinite deal of nothing" the respective merits of the editions of 1640 and 1650! and 1670! They were sure of finding ready at the shops of our great Bibliopolists a clean chair in

summer, and a bright fire in winter. Who, to see them so busied together, could imagine they were watching one another's downfall!

My Uncle often spoilt the Doctor's dinner by his severe roystering! The Doctor vaunted he had 20,000 volumes—yes, sir, replied my Uncle, your LIBRARY is *learned!* When the Doctor talked he was lost in his library, by the immense variety of human knowledge, my Uncle compared him to a dwarf dragging a giant's shoe—When the Doctor exulted in his knowledge respecting editions, my Uncle would say, the edition does not make the scholar, but the scholar the edition—When after collating an author, the Doctor, in the bibliographical phrase, pronounced he was *perfect!*—my Uncle declared, that that was the only idea of *perfection* in an author the Doctor could conceive! When the Doctor said, he knew this author, and that author—

yes, the place in which they stand on your shelves, for in your head your whole library lies topsy-turvy.

Often at a BOOK-SALE, when my Uncle caught in an auspicious moment the mild and polished eye of Mr. LEIGH, the Raphael of book-auctioneers, or the stern grandeur of Mr. KING, the Michael Angelo, those nice adjusters of the scale of literary fame, just as their relenting hearts melted at my Uncle's bidding, and the shadow of their hammer glanced over the desk—pop screamed out the Doctor, *Very cheap! Very cheap!* A fresh sigh breathed in the panting heart of some blunderer of a collector, and another and another crown resounded! In this cruel manner was my Uncle compelled to raise the price of all literary lumber. A sign, a squeak, and a wriggle of the Doctor's, was a pound out of our pockets!

Often have I observed my Uncle writhing

in agony at the prices he bid; moaning over the possession of those things for which he would have bit his lips off had he suffered them to have gone by! Yet when he bought a book cheap, it mortified him! One day, I heard him bid twelve pounds for the first edition of Thirty Sonnets of Spenser!—I started, and clapt both my hands to my ears! I heard him congratulated on his bargain! My Uncle sorrowfully shook his head, acknowledging, "*they were, indeed,* TOO CHEAP! I fear such bargains too evidently shew the rage of collecting is on the decline! Oh, gentlemen! pray, pray, keep up, keep up, the prices! the prices!"

Ah! that my Uncle had never given two hundred pounds a morning for half a dozen old plays! persisting in keeping a head of a certain sublime tragic actor *. A great com-

* These plays, 150 years ago, when we had seven theatres in London, not a manager but refused to act

mentator on Shakspeare ferretted him at old jest-books. "*A full Groat's-worth of Wit*"

them. Some got printed in spite, and the few which escaped the wholesale dealers in *waste*, when distinguished in the catalogue as "only three copies being known to exist,"—is a gad-fly in the brain of a collector. By becoming learned in the nonsense of the lumber-headed gentry who persecuted stationary two centuries ago, a plain, solid gentleman, not half a fool, may quote either *for* or *against* Shakspeare, and be deemed one of the most curious amateurs in the English drama! One of these my Uncle envied; he was an editor of insipid Lydgate, dull Occleve, and scurrilous Skelton, and had given the world (of trunk-makers) new editions!

The COLLECTORS practise various arts, to make a copy of a work, excessive rare—by printing a few only, a worthless book becomes valuable because it is scarce! and in some cases they have contrived, to enjoy that undescribable rapture of possessing *an unique copy!* Not long ago, a certain collector purchased a precious illuminated manuscript, at the expence of £100.—As soon as the copy was in his hands, he requested a moment's silence among the congregation of collectors. "Gentlemen! (cried he) —Observe I *tear into pieces* this valuable copy, for which I have paid £100.—and by which means, I become the possessor of an *unique copy!*—for I

the commentator would have, and so would my Uncle! They got it up to twenty pounds! By mere accident it was knocked down to the commentator. He had not had it half an hour when he offered it to my

have another in my collection, and which I now value at £300!"—In saying this, he tore the costly copy he had bought, and to the envy of these literary misers, wore a jewel on his philosophical cap, as large and as unrivalled as the *Pitt-diamond!*

Mr. GIFFORD, in the introduction to his Massinger, with his peculiar shrewdness, most feelingly reprobates what he calls this "spurious rage for notoriety," among the hoarders of manuscripts, &c. "It is not (says he) that any benefit may accrue from them, either to the proprietors or others, that manuscripts (or books) are hoarded, but that A or B may be celebrated for possessing what no other letter of the alphabet can hope to acquire. Nor is this all. The hateful passion of literary avarice (a compound of vanity and envy) is *becoming epidemic.* It has many of the worst symptoms of that madness which once raged among the Dutch for the possession of *tulips*—here as well as in Holland an *artificial rarity* is first created, and then made a plea for *extortion,* or a ground for *low-minded and selfish exultation.*"

Uncle for a fourth of its price. He had bought it merely to find out a joke of Shakspeare's, which was not there! My Uncle, with a grin, told him to keep the "full groat's-worth of wit;" and the joke about Shakspeare he might YET find out—but the commentator never did * !

* The compiler of the *Censura Literaria*, who loves titles, tells us he has recorded with some little accounts fifteen volumes, which the most patient purse could not obtain for 120 guineas!—And infers, no doubt, that we may squeeze 120 guineas' worth of wisdom and pleasantry out of these worm-eaten volumes.—It is more clear to me, that it will require 120 guineas' worth of patience, to read them.

My Uncle was however enraptured with

"All this reading that was never read;"

and wished very much to have "Extracts from books which are not necessary to be read." I too, can recreate with TITLES! One Sir Humphrey Lind, a zealous puritan, published a work which a jesuit answered by a pamphlet, entitled, "*A Pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphry Lind!*" The doughty knight replied by "*A Case for Sir Humphry Lind's Spectacles!*" Accept a few more—one William Goddard entitles his

Though my Uncle was a ruined man, he was often pleasant on his own infirmity. Once when an old black-letter folio was put

poems thus : "A MASTIFF WHELP with other ruffiland-like *Curs*, fetcht from among the Antipedes, which bite and bark at the fantastical Humourists and Abusers of the Time. Imprinted at the Antipedes, and are to be bought where they are to be sold." This work contains eighty-five satires, and these have a smaller supplement, modestly called "DOGGES from the Antipedes," containing only forty-one satires.

Then comes "Pasquil's Madcap, or Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes for every Man to taste without Surfeit, by J. C., Gentleman."

Or, "The letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vaine, with a new Morisco danced by seven Satyrs upon the Bottom of Diogenes's Tub."

And "Silver Drops or Serious Things!"

And lastly, in this my collection of *titles*—"Some fine Biskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chicken of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation!"

I have now done for ever *quoting titles!* but I defy the editor of *Censura Literaria*, notwithstanding his "Handful of pleasant Delites," and "The Paradyce of Dainty Devises", to shew *titles* half so comic as my Uncle's.

on the table, entitled "THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLE FOOLS," with a smiling countenance he turned to the auctioneer—"Are you going to put up your Room?"—However, the more grave and sober COLLECTORS did not relish my Uncle's humour—their heads were hanging over one another's shoulders, with their eyes rolling at the auctioneer's hammer, their tongues lolling out of their mouths, breathlessly bidding, and outbidding! Ah they relish no jests, but SCOGIN's!

But in PRINT-COLLECTING, though the ruin was pleasant, it was not less ruin! at least, he gratified his eyes, and that was a more positive good than gratifying his understanding; for any collector may have a pair of eyes: but as for their *nous*, that is not always so evident!

My Uncle collected all the foreigners who had been in England, and all the Englishmen who had been abroad; this costs a gentleman

prettily; but was there a variation in the wig, or in a bit of lace, &c. of course the price varied *. My Uncle had formed a collection of what GRANGER calls "persons remarkable only for *one circumstance* in their lives," that is, by being BLACK-GUARDS!—An old bawd, a young whore, or a quack of two centuries ago, made my Uncle SMART *even to this day!*

In vain I intreated him, with tears in my eyes, not to proceed any further with his COMPLETE GRANGER!! Sir Thomas Chaloner cost my Uncle fifty guineas! a very good

* Mr. GILPIN gives a flim-flam of such a collector, who, in shewing his pictures, and expatiating as usual on the merits of Guido, Maratti, &c. he seemed perfectly penetrated by their highest excellencies—at least he had them all by rote, but he rather discovered his taste by another circumstance. He turned suddenly on his friend, "Now, sir, I'll shew you a *real curiosity;* there is a WOVERMAN, *without a horse in it!*"—The very circumstance that unluckily made the picture of no value!

kind of a man was Sir Thomas in the reign of Elizabeth; but *his head* was not so precious as the collectors make it; they consider it a rarity! Little did our family imagine that Sir Thomas, with whom it never had any connection, was to have been the cause to us of so much mischief.

Why must I add a flim-flam respecting *fine prints!* My Uncle would have ALL *the works of* ALL *the masters!* so that in his collection of *fine prints*, he had every *execrable* one he could get! Marc Antonio, Rembrandt, and P. Testa, are names revered by every artist, but not by one of our family! CALLOT, was so proud of a favourite performance, that when the plate was nearly worn out, he bored a hole, and suspended it by a riband on his breast. Boring that hole, was exactly making one in my Uncle's purse! The impressions *after the hole*, though so much the worse, fetch exorbitant prices!—Once,

half-drunk, HOLLAR sportively etched a set of *muffs;* but honest HOLLAR would never have consented that my Uncle should have paid for them the mad price he did! The hairs on HOLLAR's *muffs* are so finely executed, that they seem to stand on end—as they made mine!

At length, when my Uncle, at PRINT-SALES, could not any longer face his inimical friends, they whispered that he wanted to make a trade of an elegant pursuit! But all his family will depose, that he had bought till he had not wherewithal to buy; and never could be persuaded to part with any *scarce print* or *fine impression*—till his creditors laid hold of them all! The only thing he appeared to get a trifle by, was by SMOKING some, to make *copies* look like *originals!*

CHAPTER LVII.

"One might point out LIGHT-FINGERED ANTIQUARIES in the present age!"

GOUGH's BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY, *vol.* ii. *p.* 123.

N. B. This must be considered as good as KING's EVIDENCE.

See our *vol.* i. *p.* 178.

OF ILLUSTRIOUS THIEVES—THIEVERY, ITS MORALITY AND NECESSITY TO COLLECTORS—HOW MY UNCLE HAS AN EMPEROR UNDER HIS THUMB!—HOW SICK MY UNCLE WAS OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S KING!—AND HOW HE SLEPT WITH AN ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE!

I DO not mean to conceal, that when my Uncle had exhausted two landed estates and all his personal property in his various collections, that then, he thought he might supply himself by another way, than by that of purchase!

My Uncle distinguished *literary thievery* into two kinds, and objected to neither! In the Republic of Letters my Uncle was a Lycurgus, allowing his Spartans to steal from one another, and only punishing the BUNGLERS!

But of that other kind of POPULAR THIEVERY, respecting which the world do not differ in opinion—provided that the *goods and chattels* stolen were literary, Jacob unreservedly defended the practice. And he tranquillized my conscience by proving, it was for the benefit of our family.

He said the civilians, in their definition of LARCENY, observe that the *goods* must be taken *cum studio lucri*—with a love of lucre! On this principle they, therefore, do not include the common instance of a *hungry person stealing meat*. Now, of collectors, who purloin a book—a medal—or a print—their pilfering is not an act for the sake of *lucre;*

they do not *steal to sell;* nor for the *intrinsic value;* and in no wise *cum studio lucri!* They are *poor men stealing meat!* Such a criminal at the bar would only excite our *compassion!*

He would shew the MORALITY of this theory. It is meritorious to steal a brass medal, or an old play—not worth a groat, to save a man from purchasing them at fifty guineas! In justice to his family, in *these things*——it is *honester* to STEAL than to PURCHASE! That "better is the *end* of a thing than the *beginning* thereof," is an ancient axiom; and if you *begin* a pick-pocket, and *end* a philosopher, 'tis ethical! Such filchings I call, as St. Austin does the virtues of the HEATHENS —*Splendida peccata!*

Some *young* collector exclaims—Are the VIRTUOSI to enter my cabinet, and filch my medals, my books, and my prints, as those *inferior virtuosi*, who steal at a rout, canes, gloves, and hats?

Yes! I reply.—Are there not several *illustrious thieves*, who exult in their art? Have we not several *respectable thieves*, well known to reside at both our learned Universities? Have not the most celebrated *collectors* been *thieves**?

* This is a fact. PINELLI furnished his famous library chiefly by his skill in an art which lies much more in the hand than the head. Sir Thomas BODLEY, Dr. RAWLINSON, Bishop MOORE, UMFREVILLE, and a long et cetera, were celebrated *collectors*, both in the learned and vulgar idiom. Sir Robert SAVILLE writing to Sir Robert COTTON, appointing an interview with the founder of the Bodleian Library, cautions Sir Robert, that "If he held any book so dear as that, he would be loath to lose it, he should *not let Sir Thomas out of his sight*, but set the boke aside before hand"—A precaution adopted by a friend of Bishop MOORE. One calling on him found him busy in *hiding his best books*, and locking up as many as he could: on enquiring the reason of this odd occupation, the bibliopolist replied, "The Bishop of Ely dines with me to day." La Houssaiè tells us, that Pope Innocent X.'s hatred of the French, was owing, when young, to his having been detected in the library of a French collector of having

I remarked, that my Uncle latterly suffered his nails to grow so long, that his hand looked like the talons of an eagle.

All the world knows that the *copper* of the Emperor OTHO is worth more than the *gold* of GEORGE III. As this Emperor only reigned three months, his coins are so scarce, that a brass halfpenny of his, is worth—about 50 guineas! But this price is rather low.

Now Dr. GLUM possessed an OTHO!—my Uncle did not! In the course of time it so happened that my Uncle possessed an OTHO and Dr. GLUM did not!—This made Dr. GLUM ever afterwards suspicious.

I believe the Doctor had his conjecture how the Emperor was got over by my Uncle. It was done cavalierly. Jacob kept feeling at the Emperor, till he got him, just as his

stolen a rare curious book; the collector and the future Pope came to blows; and the book dropt out of the cardinal's robes!

Premier would have wished, under his thumb —he then took him up as carelessly as a pinch of snuff, and strangled the Emperor in his pocket handkerchief.

But when Dr. GLUM departed this life, he left a cruel clause in his last will. He pointedly declared, that whenever his old rival, Mr. Jacob, was desirous of examining his coins, he should be closely watched by a person on each side of him, and not suffered to blow his nose—at least with his handkerchief.

Yet, after all, Dr. GLUM, like every other great collector, was as great a thief as my Uncle, and that clause in his will came ungracefully from him. Once my Uncle and the Doctor met at an inn in the country; my Uncle had in his pocket a sixpence of ALFRED; but so rude was art in Alfred's age and country, that his face does not look human—however, it is well worth *twenty gui-*

neas! This Saxon jewel my Uncle could not refrain exultingly to shew to Dr. GLUM. The Doctor was as envious at my Uncle and Alfred, as the Devil at the sight of the loves of Adam and Eve.—In the height of his rancour he wondered how collectors could pay down their money for a face that had no nose and mouth!—"I understand you," replied my Uncle; "you have not an Alfred in your collection! Your battered *Canute* has no head at all, and yet you value it, as no one ever did." When my Uncle heard that he and his brother in antiquity could only sleep in a two-bedded room, he at first betrayed considerable agitation—however, he seemed to get over it, and soon fell asleep; but sleepless was Dr. GLUM! He rose, "smooth-sliding without step," and breathlessly slid his hand under my Uncle's pillow, into his pockets, and even ripped a seam; but ALFRED did not appear! Next day the baffled

antiquary hinted to my Uncle that whenever he travelled he always concealed his medals. —"So do I," said Jacob, with a sarcastic grin —"And when I sleep in a two-bedded room with a brother, I always sleep with ALFRED ——*in my mouth!*"

But our heroic medallist was not always so fortunate; and in one of his tricks, this light-fingered collector was detected!

This affair occurred at Paris, between my Uncle and the *Abbé* BARTHELEMI, Keeper of the (then) Royal Cabinet of Medals.

Jacob sighed to possess the celebrated gem called *Michael Angelo's Ring*. The subject is a festival in a vineyard, but the grouping is divine! 'Twas a flim-flam of that great genius, who gave the design to one *Peschiera* to engrave on a cornelian; and the Cognoscenti admired the ring as a miracle of ancient art, and Michael exult-

ingly wore it on his finger as a perpetual triumph*.

* Such impositions have been frequently practised by great artists, on the most knowing dilettanti, and the most keen-eyed dealers, who first planned the deception, and were afterwards caught in their own web. PICKLER and AMASTINI both exulted in their deceptions. Their copies are equal to the original antiques; but had they sold them under their own names, they would have obtained no price. The writer of PICKLER's Life observes, that many of his deceptions, having been long deposited in the cabinets of the curious, they may be said to be no longer PICKLER's, because the INTENDENTI having adjudged them to be antiques, it would be cruel to lift up the veil, and restore them to their author! The *Giocatore di Troio*, an engraved gem of PICKLER's, passed as such with WINKELMAN, who, in his *Monumenti Inediti*, exclaims—*Une delle piu eleganti e delle piu belle figure che siano mai state scolpite nelle gemme!*

The most admirable flim-flam of the kind is a collection of engravings, which that most ingenious artist PICART published, piqued at the taste of the collectors which was running all in favour of antiquity. He almost excelled in his imitation the masters whose style he copied. These prints passed, and were admired as the works of Guido, Rembrandt, and

After the drawer had been very cautiously opened, and very closely shut by the *Abbé*—he insisted once more to point out to my Uncle's observation the ingenious contrivance of *Peschiera*, the engraver, who, to substantiate his claim to the work, had punned on his own name, by placing a boy fishing in the corner.—My Uncle intreated the *Abbé* not to give himself that trouble—he had enough of it!

But the *Abbé* was never wearied by politeness and erudition—he has singularly united both! Opening the drawer, he declared it was gone! My Uncle wished also to be gone! "No, Sir!" exclaimed the *Abbé!*—"were Michael Angelo himself here, he

others. Having had his joke, he published the collection as PICART's *Innocent Impostors*. It has been received, as flim-flams are usually; very pleasantly by the liberal amateur, very sourly by the mere matter-of-fact gentleman!

should not go with his own ring! My reputation, my place, and my pension, all lie in the circle of that ring!"—The *Abbé* quickly rung the bell; two herculean *gardes de corps* stripped my Uncle, who appeared in the best humour possible!

The *Abbé* looked him in the face—"Ah!" he cried, "what it is to have to do with a Collector and a Briton! one cannot daunt them!"

The *Abbé* was vexed, and, worse, was puzzled; but he, too, had been a *collector*—and those who had read his Anacharsis, may judge of his light-fingered erudition.

"Another trial!" he exclaimed, "or I shall be outwitted!"

He ordered the two *gardes de corps* to bring the Barberini vase—he placed the antique vase on an antique tripod—and before it fixed my Uncle in an antique chair from Herculaneum. "I will treat you, learned Sir,"

(politely observed the *Abbé*,) "as an amateur, an antiquary, and a collector—but you must take an emetic!"

In vain my Uncle looked on either side, shaking his head, he piteously poured down the ipecacuana!

Unequalled emetic! Soon something was heard tinkling in the Barberini vase!

La Voila!—exclaiming the exulting *Abbé*. —My Uncle had actually brought up

Michael Angelo's Ring!

"Well, well," said Jacob—sipping some mulled wine the *Abbé*'s polished humanity, had presented him with—"Since you so well know the theory of the fine arts, I have no doubt you have been an expert practitioner! I thought it safe enough, and meant to have taken the chance of a digestion*!"

* This adventure is told on the continent as having happened to Baron STOSCH, the celebrated gem collector. A similar one is related of PERE VAILLANT.

But there was one reason my Uncle alledged for thievery, which may quiet the conscience of the most cold and scrupulous collector. What is to be done with an inexorable and ferocious brother, who will not part with a thing, for any price, for any cajoling, or even for any abuse, which are in your power to bestow on him? I knew two amateurs who broke an uninterrupted friendship of many years, because one would neither exchange nor sell his collection of Goltzius, to gratify the insatiable soul of his brother; nor barter a fine Guido and an

Attacked at sea by an Algerine, he swallowed a *whole series of Syrian kings!* When he landed at Lyons, he hastened to his friend, his physician, and his brother antiquary Dufour—while horribly groaning with the treasures in his belly, Dufour was only anxious to know of his patient *whether the medals were of the higher empire?* Vaillant shewed two or three of which nature had kindly relieved him. A bargain was immediately struck—and it is said that on that very day, an Otho was safely delivered.

antique bronze which he possesses, for a baked Titian and a cracked Etruscan vase. In these cases there is no choice—we must STEAL * !

* These collectors are wonderfully *hard-hearted to each other !* I shall give some of their humours in the following extracts from the Abbé BARTHELEMY's Letters, when he was travelling to collect fragments of *vertu.*

" We searched through the collections of *Baron Stosch ;* they are immense ! He has despoiled Italy, and still keeps it submissive to his power, by his numerous correspondents ; he shewed every thing, but would relinquish nothing. I submitted to the most humiliating supplications ; they only hardened a heart which naturally is not tender."—

" I have triumphed over the brutal resistance of the *Abbate Boule,* and a few dealers, who were more pliant."

Now he plans a conspiracy !—" I cannot boast of my success over the most powerful of all the collectors. I am mortified, but I will not despair. I have been just surrounding him by a net, which will entangle him during my absence ; and, perhaps, I shall have the double pleasure to have what I wish, and to have it in spite of him !"

Of the ferocious *Abbate Boule* he says—" This man

has many fragments of antiquity, but it is impossible to get a sight of them. I saw some Egyptian figures on the ground. This fellow has all the collection of M. Gravier, all packed up in cases! It is hopeless to offer him any price for them; he would sooner part with his life, which I dare say, his miserable manner of living, and his insatiable appetite for collecting, will shortly put an end to!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post!
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness eat!

YOUNG

LITERARY DINNERS—AUTHORS DISCOVERED TO BE A SPECIES OF VORACIOUS ANIMALS BY PROFESSOR CAMPER AND MYSELF — THE CAUSE OF THEIR *MADNESS IN EATING*, DERIVED FROM THE ABOMINABLE PRACTICE OF THE BOOKSELLERS!

In the history of literature, ancient and modern, one of its most important provinces has ever been the quality and variety of those DINNERS, which the lovers of literature give to literary men.

ATHENÆUS, in his *Deipnosophists*, or Banquet of the Learned, has, with his accustomed detail, loaded and unloaded all his authors—on this occasion. Cookery appears to have been one of the most refined arts, and cooks the most adored artists of the Philos of his day. We acquire more information from him than is always necessary, and he is so great a master too of his subject, that he makes our stomachs turn, or our mouths water at every page * !

When my Uncle resolved to give dinners in this literary city, his ostensible motive was, the attic entertainment of having *live authors* at his table:

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

But whether influenced by *love*, by *hatred*,

* He opens his fourth book by informing us, how two great philosophers commenced a regular correspondence, merely for the purpose of journalizing the splendid dinners to which they were invited.

or by *fear*, which in this country are frequently the occasion of very good dinners, I will not determine.

It is certain, that some of our LITERATI will exchange a dedication—for the smoke of a kitchen chimney; some Reviewers become amiable at a well-covered table, and feel a tenderness for the author of---a good dinner! Every thing melts like sugar under their tooth; they are wonderfully light-handed at a dish, and mingle-mangle with their throats till they risk a strangulation, provided it be with unbought wine! These guests never open their mouths but at the cost of other persons—by an epigram, or a dinner! I heard one of these LITERATI querulous because his gullet was not a yard long, that he might take, according to Count Rumford's plan,—a longer time for deglutition!

It was at my Uncle's table, I discovered that an AUTHOR *is a voracious animal!* and,

at length, I attained to what I may call the philosophy—of LITERARY GULOSITY.

The seminal hint of this discovery is CAMPER's. That scientific physiologist, in his curious experiments on SKULLS, says, that after having "sawed several heads, both of MEN and ANIMALS, perpendicularly through the middle, I was *convinced* (observe that strong expression!) that the cavity destined to contain the BRAINS, was in general *very uniform*—but that the *position of the upper and lower* JAWS was the manifest cause of the *most striking differences!*" a discovery that proves that men of genius do not so much differ from other men in the *quantity of* BRAINS—but merely in their JAWS!

Now my own practical observations confirmed the entire system with an additional discovery! Our authors eat so voraciously, not only from the "*position of their* JAWS," but also out of provocation and MADNESS for

not having sufficient opportunities to make *a due use of them.* A writer shall have two or three thousand readers, in a year, and walk about this town in great solemnity and pomp, without a dinner—or a dinner which is very tempting!

Should the reader imagine I have not clearly demonstrated that the *voracity* of our LITERATI is an *act of madness*—surely, the abominable practice existing among booksellers, which I am now to disclose, will most evidently shew the cause of that *kind of* MADNESS to which I have alluded.

Be it known then, that in the course of every year the TRADE*, make among themselves *stock sales*, and that on those literary festivals, they jovially assemble to dine at the Bedford, or the Shakspeare! Men, the dust of whose shelves is tickling their throats,

* The booksellers call themselves the TRADE!

cool them in bumpers of Burgundy! "unwashed artificers" lay their hands on the snow-white blanc-mange, and grimly grin! They gorge on turtle and title-page, and sturgeon and copy-right.

At such a moment I have seen one of their unfortunate authors parading in the *piazzas* beneath them; with no other dinner than what he can get by snuffing up the rich odours of a turtle, which he himself has contributed to fish out of Indian seas!

Is this fact not sufficient then, considering "the position of his jaws," at that moment, to produce *that kind of madness* I have observed in the *voracity* of AUTHORS?

CHAPTER LIX.

Meetings kept up too long, and dinners too frequently given, occasion great freedom of raillery; but raillery gives more pain to some than it affords amusement to others. Raillery is the hot-bed of sarcasms, and when once these get into play, causticity repulses causticity, and inflames recrimination. We then are easily provoked to blows and the most extravagant conduct—so these things naturally conclude!

From the Poet ALEXIS, *in* ATHENÆUS, *Lib.* X.

A LITERARY DINNER!

I PRESENT the reader with a veracious description of one of my Uncle's dinners— it was a gala day, in which we had the honour of satiating the craving stomachs of several great geniuses.

My Uncle sat between two Grecians—Professor POURS-ON (so nick-named from the quantity of Greek and Port he can throw off at a sitting)—and his great rival, Dr. GRÆCULUS!

My Uncle, whose chemical experiments had much *decomposed* his little Greek—now made a bold attempt to display his critical acumen in Greek philology—and it had like to have cost him dear!

My Uncle was preparing to carve a goose. "Pray," (said he, turning negligently with a chit-chat air to the Professor on his right-hand,) "what do you make of that odd word in ATHENÆUS, in his fourth book, I mentioned the other morning, *Kaukizomenos?*"

"Pshaw! there are five hundred such words disfigured by the copyists! You dont't pretend to make any thing of it yourself?" said the surly Professor.

"And you, doctor?"—proceeded Jacob,

perking up his face triumphantly in the doctor's, and then casting a long glance all down the table. We were all at this moment watching the goose, and the three philologers!

"I understand you have a new reading!" replied the doctor, solemnly shaking his tremendous wig—that wig, which aspires to an universal monarchy among modern wigs.

"I reject *Kaukizomen*os, and read *Kaukizomen*ous! I know Casaubon is not for me!" exclaimed the exulting Jacob, fearless of the wig.

"Where's your authority, Sir, for this extraordinary temerity; this deep and rank pollution of the text; this alarming revolution of ous for os?"—cried the doctor, pulling his wig closer to his brows.

"I do it, *meo periculo!*"—firmly replied my Uncle. "Are we to allow nothing any more to 'happy conjecture?' Have we not allowed it to Bentley? do we not to you?"

—bowing to both; my Uncle good-naturedly meant to dole out his compliment equally between them—but this displeased both the Professor and the Doctor! My Uncle wished not to persevere in his critical acumen; the table had heard sufficient for his purpose; and he would have given ten pounds to have heard nothing more about his *new reading!*

But the Professor and the Doctor were two inhuman Greeks, who thirsted for the blood of a harmless Trojan.

"*Nugæ! Nugæ!*" exclaimed the Professor—"What do you get by your new reading?"

My Uncle was still not disheartened.—Why, if you look over ATHENÆUS carefully, and take the whole context with you, viz. the apple-sauce and the sage and onions, and his complaint that the bird was too much browned, by the inattention of the cook, I

say," (sticking his fork into the GOOSE, and looking round him,) "I am cutting the Gordian knot—the whole refers to *a roasted goose!*"

"Impudence!" growled the ghastly-grinning Professor—"Cobwebs to catch flies!" The Professor shot such a steady look of contempt through and through my Uncle, that Jacob, conscious he was standing on ground shaken by an earthquake, turned pale, while his lips quivered at the serious turn the affair was taking. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, as dry as a neat's!

With the utmost difficulty he collected voice enough to appeal, with the mild eyes of a dove, to the doctor, with a humiliated, "What do you think, Doctor?"

"Think, Sir!" exclaimed Dr. GRÆCULUS, shaking a cloud of powder from his wig, till my Uncle's eyes were blinded—"I think,

Sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to trifle so egregiously ! A man ought to study Greek fifteen years before he ventures to give us Greek for a goose!" muttering to himself *Vesanum ! Insanum ! Tiresiam !* And so saying, he exhausted all his wrath on a great pigeon-pie !

All the table perceived how my Uncle stood jammed between the Professor and the Doctor.

Caconous, from the habit of constantly dining with my Uncle, notwithstanding that vile chapter of his *against* gratitude, was *grateful* enough at all times for a good dinner. Perceiving how thunderstruck my Uncle sat before the goose, and no more caring for the two Greek Professors than for the two buttons on the waistband of his breeches, (for he had no decorum,) sonorously came to rescue my Uncle.

"This is not the *concoction* of a great mind ;

this is not *defecating* the grossness of the mind! You fetter the energies of the intellect by pedantic verbalities. I calmly enquire how are we interested about an overroasted goose in the time of ATHENÆUS? Only, surely by one way—that of a happy conjecture. Mr. Jacob has conjectured, no matter whether right or wrong, it is better than making nothing out of nothing. The age of pedantry has past! Oh the inertness of a quiescent mind!"

The Professor and the Doctor stared, and drank bumpers to one another. My Uncle nodded to CACONOUS.

A great moralist, whose chapter on *Temperance* is so beautifully composed, had been silently eating all down the table; now shovelling the green peas, facetiously called out for *kaukisomenous!* and observed that he suspected SOCRATES never had green peas in January—'tis the moral result of our ini-

mitable constitution. Every Briton is a free agent!

The high price of our green peas was tumultuously discussed, which brought in "the circulating medium," and led on to population, and the means of subsistence. Mr. Too-many observed, that population increased geometrically; but the means of subsistence, only arithmetically; so that in a given time, there would be hardly standing room in these kingdoms, and nothing to eat. Nothing less than the miracle of the loaves and fishes could procure a man a dinner three centuries hence!

Here he was violently opposed by Caconous, who insisted on the perfectibility of man, and the fecundity of green peas, three centuries hence!—He concluded by sending up his plate for green peas, but they handed him the empty dish!

Mr. Too-MANY appealed to the empty dish as a proof of the geometrical force of population—CACONOUS affirmed it was the effect of ADAM SMITH's principle of the circulating medium, for had green peas not been suffered by ADAM SMITH to reach such a price, we should have had plenty; but this is the vexatious bondage of property! Realize my system of equality! Let every pea garden be thrown open to every citizen!"

"That would be the only way to have no green peas at all!"—cried Too-MANY.

So we all laughed at CACONOUS with the empty dish before him.

Hardly had the cloth been removed, when CACONOUS expressed a desire to have "the humble vehicle through which an English or German rustic inhales the fumes of the Indian weed."

"You allude to" (said a Chinese traveller)

" the custom of inhaling the vapour of tobacco * !"

" You both mean, I presume," (observed the grave Dr. CREEKORY, the admirable compiler of complications)—" to smoke a pipe !"

" We do," replied CACONOUS—" but we have no *spitting-pots* in this house !"

I answered—" I am sure my Uncle considers you as his !"—*friend*, I would have added, alluding to his kind interference between Jacob and the Greeks ; but the literati never let a sarcastic touch fall under the

* I have the satisfaction of announcing, that shortly will be published, an *English Dictionary*, which the world will find very different from Johnson's or Ash's. My authorities in this Neological dictionary will be the most curious of our modern classics. Mr. GODWIN is a living source of the most beautiful novelties of natural science. His style is admired ! He has employed the sublime language in the text.

BOBTAIL.

table—so they stopped me! and CACONOUS frowned!

Who could have thought, that smoking a pipe was first to be turned into a sarcastic allusion, and afterwards have set the SENTIMENTALIST a whining! he who wrote the "Peregrinations of the Heart, performed on foot"—

"You make me shed a tear!" he cried—"You remind me of a *broken tobacco pipe!* and it was I who *broke* it! Walking from Amsterdam to Maarsa, the wind was up, and the rain down!—In that dense shower, pacing the eternal flatness of that land, a boor came jogging on an ass. There's humanity every where, and even in Holland! The old boor—generous being!—offered me the hinder part of his ass—I mounted—desiring me to cling closer to him—I smashed the pipe he held between his teeth—I covered my face with my hands!—A pearl trembled in the

boor's eye—'Why do you weep?' I cried—'The canaster is so acrid!' he replied, in a manly tone—'Ah me! I have broken your pipe!' I cried.—'As it was smoked out, it matters not,' he replied, with a generosity of feeling that more keenly agonized my heart! We arrived at his cottage—and when I thanked him, he thanked me!—observing in his artless language, 'You have been as good as a great coat to me; you have kept my back dry!'—Can I forget the Hollander? I still preserve the *broken pipe!* 'tis a fragment of sensibility! 'tis diamonded by the boor's tear. Oh, that I could crystallize the Dutchman's drop!"

"Hum! a mumper!" muttered Dr. CREEKORY, whose travels wear an opposite complexion—for in his, through Holland, he has given a history of the Seven Provinces, a dissertation on the Agio of the Bank, and

how much solid tobacco the Dutch convert into vapour, with the duties thereon, &c.

" In the revolution of empires"—said the historian of France, waving his arm—a bottle stood by him, but suddenly rumbling between two rattling plates, cracking and crashing, it divided between the *sentimentalist* and the *compiler!* The former shrieking, displayed a white cambric handkerchief, well lavendered, but the *compiler* simply applied to the Doyley, declared he was not so easily *cut*—and after a grave grin at the *sentimentalist*, requested the historian of France to proceed with his revolution of empires.

Dr. CREEKORY pretended, in literature, to an interior and mystical feeling respecting STYLE—he declared that STYLE was *sauce* and *pickle*, and it signified little what was *dressed*, provided the *sauce* was rich and the *pickle* poignant. When he brought one of

his articles to market, he insisted on being paid *in proportion* to his *style*, and which no one knew to value but himself. He was a gold and silver lace-maker in THE ROW.

Dr. CREEKORY insinuated to the historian of France, that he wrote like GIBBON. The historian of France, with impudent modesty, assured us that he did not consider himself equal to GIBBON!—though he was sensible that no man could decide so nicely as Dr. CREEKORY between HIM and GIBBON!

Here CACONOUS noisily renewed his controversy with his inexorable rival, TOO-MANY.

CACONOUS affirmed, "if there were no laws in society, every thing would then be lawful! All the misery and all the vices prevalent in civil society originate in our institutions! Let us have no wars, no marriage-monopolies, no tax-gathering! Population

would then proceed without restraint; myriad would swarm on myriad!"

Too-MANY denied every thing CACONOUS asserted. "Such a society of bastards as CACONOUS's could not last thirty years.—We should be overstocked! By a curious and a nice calculation of the *mouths of men* and the *tails of animals*, (the former taking so much more *in*, than the other can *give out*,) he demonstrated we should soon want dressing for the land, and fall short of manure!"

"I have a preventive, for over population, you know!" cried CACONOUS, pressing his fore-finger on his nose, and looking askew *.

"Oh, barbarian of metaphysics!" cried Too-MANY! "'Tis by exposing new-born infants, and by a worse method still!—Like the destroying angel, you would slay all the first-born of Egypt! I am astonished how such a

* See a Pamphlet published after "Political Justice."

metaphysical Orpheus is left so quietly by those mothers who meet you musing on the annihilation of the unborn generation at Islington Spa! 'Tis most inhuman! But a sharp war of seven years, is an useful operation in this weedy world; it prunes away the incumbering and unproductive branches of society; which we convert into soldiers.—We get 1 or 200,000 burthensome fellows knocked on the head; sing *Te Deum*, and write our philosophical treatises quietly by our fire-sides!"

"Pray, Sir," asked CACONOUS," what right have you to share in the good dinner of this day more than the slaves who dine on your leavings?"

"I have a right," replied Mr. TOO-MANY —"because there was room at the table! I encroached on no neighbour's dish, nor edged him off his chair, as your equalizers of property would. Pray, Sir, in an age of

universal illumination and equality, what right have you to get drunk, and then philosophize?"

CACONOUS appealed to those near him "whether he was drunk?" They all agreed he was, except a DRAMATIST, celebrated for his *manual humour*, and who had all along been filling CACONOUS's glass with bumpers —calling himself between the two Philos, CACONOUS's *bottle-holder*.

CACONOUS, in his usual manner, caught at this solitary evidence, and bolstered up a paradox to prove that he was not drunk; that "in no wise he resembled a drunken fellow; that he had neither lost his chair, nor his speech? How, then, am I drunk?"

The comic genius observed, this was no bad scene for his next *new play*.

"Pshaw!" (crustily exclaimed a beetle-browed REVIEWER,) "your *new play* is a

new moon; that is, the old one in a new shape!"

The modern Terence replied—"Your instrument is a tomahawk of satire!"

"Tomahawk!" (retorted the acrid REVIEWER)—"You little whip-cord! You pocket cork-screw! You tiny gimlet! You powder without ball! You paper fly-trap!"

"Gentlemen!"—exclaimed an ORIENTAL BARD—"Let me place myself between you, and read my Ode to *Visthnu!* it will calm you both!"—So he drew out his formidable ode, while the *Dramatist* placed four wax-lights before him—"To persevere," said the ORIENTALIST, "in a continuity of sublime imagery, through 300 stanzas—"

Here the whole table interfered—To a man we agreed not to listen to *Visthnu!*

But the DRAMATIST, intent on mischief, clapped the Oriental bard on the back; told him to lay his ode flat (not his *flat* ode) on

the *mahogany* (as he wittily miscalled the table,) and called out for half a dozen of *sours*, (ingeniously meaning lemons,) which he squeezed into the libations of the ORIENTALIST, that he might gargle, and clear his voice through the 300 stanzas; and while his eye-balls rolled in a phrenzy, make a wry face in the midst of his infuriate strophes.

Fortunately for us, at this moment, the GRECIANS at the head of the table renewed their bickerings—not with my Uncle, but among themselves.

My Uncle having paid them an equal compliment, he had exasperated both.

The Doctor still labouring on ATHENÆUS, acknowledged that "he was an author who put the Commentators to the torture. I am inclined to retain the passage we talked about (addressing the PROFESSOR)—*Periphoreina*, and I read afterwards *Kramboosas* for *Kromb*—and this will make sense—

a roasted pig wrapt up in a sward of bacon!"

"You would make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" testily replied the PROFESSOR. "Do you still persist in reading *Phasianikos* for *Phasianos*—I say a *pheasant*, you say a *horse!*"

"I will read *Phasianikos*"—replied the Doctor.

Here the PROFESSOR inveighed against the temerity of modern sciolists!

The DOCTOR shook his wig, and curled his nose at the PROFESSOR—*Phasianikos* is a pheasant. The pheasant came from *Phasia*, a river in the Colchis, brought by the Argonauts on their return to Greece."

"All this is a gross blunder!"—replied the PROFESSOR. "You ought to retain *Phasianos*; a *horse* of Phasia marked with *the figure of a pheasant!* The scholiast whom you so liberally abuse, and to whom you stand always

so much indebted, like the blind man abusing his dog, gives some curious information. It was usual to distinguish *horses* by using different *marks.* We call, says he, certain horses *Bucephalus*, not because their head is like that of a BULL, but because they are *marked* by the *figure of a bull's head;* hence was *Alexander's horse* denominated, and had not a *bull's head* as some sillily imagine."

The DOCTOR still sturdily persisted in favour of the *pheasant* versus the *horse;* and copiously quoted numerous passages, all making for the bird.

The PROFESSOR, who saw nothing was to be gained by quotation, for the DOCTOR had as long a memory as the PROFESSOR, briskly caught at a word with a shrill whew! "You dare not tell us that *Tatyras* is the true word for pheasant; Ptolomy Evergetus reads *tetarton*, others *tatyron.*"

"You lie, and you know you lie!" asseverated the DOCTOR.

The PROFESSOR instantly threw his wine at the Doctor; but the wig proved a spongy shield and drank up the liquid enemy; the DOCTOR grasped in eager anger his own wig, and, throwing it at the PROFESSOR, fixed the reeking tresses on his head,

"Dropping odours, dropping wine!"

How this battle would have terminated, the gods of Homer only know. The delighted table slowly interfered—the PROFESSOR challenged the DOCTOR—to drink brandy with him in *a pair of shoes!* The DOCTOR insolently offered to drink with him brandy in *a pair of boots!* a new pair of boots was immediately sent for, and the operation begun!

A small, short, meagre man, who was a TRANSLATOR, could not help moralizing on this terrific combat respecting a mistranslation! "All of ye, gentlemen! treat a trans-

lator so lightly, valuing his genius by the sheet, and his sheet by its cheapness! As for myself, I have been a translator these ten years, and I never yet made a good translation!—I am now resolved to be an original writer—I will not die in harness!"

Here we laughed!

"You will grow fatter," said Dr. CREEKORY, eying him, "on compilation."

"I am heartily sick of translation"—resumed the meagre gentleman—"If you translate literally, you do not write English; if paraphrastically, you do not write your author. You thus sit between two slippery stools, and a man's—nose is apt to come dash on the ground!"

The brandy-duel between the two learned GRECIANS began to assume a most serious aspect; each had his boot beside him—and the PROFESSOR was singing Greek epigrams, while the DOCTOR was declaiming passages

from the Orations of Lysias—my Uncle holding both his hands to his ears—but the GRECIANS felt themselves annoyed by the ORIENTAL POET, who rumbling on through his Ode to *Visthnu*, invoking the Sun! he suddenly leaped upon his chair—there he called for "lights! lights!" The comic DRAMATIST and the SENTIMENTALIST, the one laughing, and the other in rapture, were on their knees before him, each holding a candle! CACONOUS and TOO-MANY were both under the table, asleep beside each other. The rival of GIBBON was balancing a period with Dr. CREEKORY; at which the TRANSLATOR was modestly listening.

There was no one sober in the room but myself and the REVIEWER, who was really as cold-blooded as a frog. Tapping me on my shoulder, as he snatched up his hat, he whispered in my ear—"You wonder that

my patience is exhausted! See what a set of drunken dogs come before me every month!"

Such usually were the literary dinners of my Uncle!

CHAPTER LX.

Locus est, et pluribus UMBRIS.
HOR. EPIS. v. lib. 1.

Pray write me word how MANY you desire?
FRANCIS.

SHADES AND FLIES.—A DINNER GUEST!—ACTÆON AND HIS HOUNDS—MY UNCLE'S LITERARY FAME COMPARED TO A PYRAMID!—

My Uncle's plan of dinner parties—did not sufficiently answer his purpose—What is the *morality of* A REVIEWER! He will frequently dine with you all through January, and damn you all through February!

Then, as my Uncle, in plain English, kept *open house*, he was worried by the

SHADES and the FLIES*! before the winter or dinner season expired, he became prim, pert, and pettish—I thought he could not have held out patiently with his usual good sense. But I was resolved that he should not give up his dinners, for the honour of the family, and the easy triumph he would afford Dr. BABBLE, with his *tepidarians*, or cool gentlemen sipping their cold tea.

* Whenever the Romans invited a friend, it was an usual civility to inform him, that there were places at table for as many persons as he thought proper to accompany him; so that he might at least find himself among some company he liked. These persons were called UMBRÆ or SHADES, from their accompanying another person. Another kind of guests were called MUSCÆ, or FLIES; these were uninvited guests; parasites who hovered around well-covered tables. We have our FLIES still; we have only to stretch out our hands, any day, in Bond-street, and they are willingly caught. They are flies who like to buz round every table but their own! they have silvery tones, and doves eyes; lodge in garrets—but are to be heard of at their coffee-house!

My Uncle's *umbræ* were the oddest kind of mortals, and the most surprising sensualists this whole town can produce. But this was naturally to be expected; for the *shade* of a crooked thing can never be otherwise than crooked.

Among my Uncle's friends, residing in THE ROW, was the celebrated Mr. GRAVE-STONE—a great biographer indeed! since he wrote the *lives* of the *living!* He was a dead hand at a life, and might be said to bury his best friends alive. Whenever he entered the room, my Uncle would exclaim—here comes the *undertaker* of Fame!

Mr. GRAVE-STONE could not, like Milo, indeed, carry an ox on his shoulders; yet I verily believe he would have matched Milo by devouring a whole one. Yet Mr. GRAVE-STONE was nothing compared to the SHADES and FLIES!

Mr. GRAVE-STONE once brought a tremen-

dous *umbra*, who had obtained some celebrity for having projected the philosophical soups at the ROYAL INSTITUTION—to feed all the LECTURERS (it was scandalously meant, in my opinion, to depreciate their GENIUS!)—at a penny a head!

This skilful experimentalist in "the science of nutrition," philosophised very ambiguously, after the intense silence and fervid occupation he underwent during our two courses—perhaps nothing was meant; but I did not like his allusions to white meat and the breasts of women; that the flesh of woman was a greater delicacy than that of man, how came he to know this? That in Europe we suffered our fathers and mothers to live till they became so old that their flesh must be very hard and unpalatable. What could he mean*?

* Mr. J. DE LOUBEIRO has composed a copious Essay "on the Inducements to the eating of Human

When my Uncle solemnly remonstrated with Mr. GRAVE-STONE on his Shade, that great biographer observed, that introducing so uncommon an eater into the house of a philosopher, was a tribute paid to philosophy.

Then was it that my Uncle opened his mind without reserve to Mr. GRAVE-STONE, and some of his FLIES!

"Those who frequented the entertainments of Plato, sir, found themselves perfectly well the following day—and the wiser too! But

Flesh." He alarms one with having discovered so many. At Cochin China, he describes a scene at which he was present—about dipping a small piece in the juice of an unripe lemon!"

PHIL. MAG. *vol.* iv. *p.* 265.

See accounts of recent Anthropophagi, in Medical and Physical Journal for June, 1800, and Monthly Magazine, April, 1800. I believe Mr. De Saint Pierre received the honour of citizenship from the Jacobins for having been present at a festival of Anthropophagists!

I am sorry to say that little knowledge comes out of that mouth, which seems more curious concerning what it has put into it. Sir, I would rather be an epicurean in the science and the wit of another man, than in his bottles and his dishes. A literary man ought to make the wine agreeable to him on the next day, and not rise as if he had four heads on his shoulders. The "*Noctes cænæque deum*" are not, I believe, the sober feasts you delight in. I have witnessed orgies at my own house; I who abhor wine! I have seen, what I am resolved no more to see, stoical philosophers, and platonic politicians, dead drunk under the table. I have listened to hear something concerning a successful writer, and I heard nothing but back-biting; I watched for wit, and catched nothing but puns; and, in a word, I am ashamed of my literary parties. I know, too, that when you are all fairly out of my doors, you amuse yourselves with

flouting me; my own goose is not more cut up, nor my own ragouts more peppered. You are all a set of hungry hounds, and I will not share the fate of Actæon—to be eaten [illegible] by my own dogs! I have, however, no objection to a PIC-NIC *."

Such was the tenor of my Uncle's conversation when he broke up his dinner parties. His parsimony (poor man!) was freely censured—but his sensibilities as an author were, in consequence, most woefully worked on—GRAVE-STONE struck his life out of his book,

* A society where every one contributes his own portion. Such entertainments were not unknown to the ancients; for ATHENÆUS observes, in noticing them, "that the *guests* who partook of *their own collation*, were usually *more sparing* than when they dined at *a friend's cost*—that these entertainments were of a more *sober cast*—no man there *getting drunk*, or in danger of being seized by apoplexy.—Minerva, at the sight of Penelope's princes, concludes that their entertainment was provided by her good man, and not by themselves!"

and my Uncle ceased to be "a public character"—he was bandied about, and bit, and scratched, and flead through all the Reviews. He was daily paragraphed by all his FLIES, and he was calumniated by being said to be confined in a *private madhouse*, when he was only confined in the *Fleet!*

My Uncle's literary reputation was, as the poets say, a PYRAMID!—it began on a broad basis, and spread at first considerably; till, by degrees, it was so diminished, that it was quite lost to the eye!

CHAPTER LXI.

SOCRATES did not amuse himself as most other philosophers, with reasoning on the secrets of nature, or searching into the manner of the creation of the earth, or the causes of the motions of the heavens. On the contrary, he exposed the folly of such as give themselves up to these contemplations. He asked them, if they thought themselves very wise in neglecting what immediately concerned them, to busy themselves in things above them? He was astonished they did not perceive the impossibility of comprehending these wonders, seeing that the most celebrated among them treat each other as FOOLS and MADMEN!—He said he should be glad to know of these persons if they were in hopes one day to put in practice what they learnt, as men who knew an art may practise it when they please, either for their own advantage or for the service of their friends; or if they did imagine that after they had found out the causes of all things that happen, they should be able to give winds and rains, and to dispose of the times and seasons as they had occasion for them, or if they contented themselves with the bare knowledge without expecting any further profit?

XENOPHON's *Memorabilia of* SOCRATES, *Book* I.

MY UNCLE'S APOTHEOSIS!

I CONFESS when my Uncle latterly was confined in a very small angular apartment in the Fleet, I felt my sense of duty diminish in

proportion to that chamber, and spoke out my mind; believing him now to be at least as crazy as he was philosophical.

As we sat crowded together in this nook, under a slanting ceiling, I told him freely my opinion, that his HEAD had evidently been *too small* for modern philosophies—he shrugged his shoulders, and seemed to agree with this discovery. Then I asked him—"what benefit so much philosophy produced to the possessor, or to his heir at law?"

"My creditors have done their worst!"—he exclaimed—"they have seized on all my collections! but they cannot issue a statute of bankruptcy against my concealed treasure!"

"Treasure!" I exclaimed, charmed at the idea! "Treasure! My dear Uncle, you have still a dutiful nephew! what is this concealed treasure?"

"My mind!"—replied my Uncle, fixing his eyes gravely on me.

"Your mind!"—I replied, looking on him in all the horror of vacancy!

"Yes, my dear nephew! I might have lived in a quiet state of vegetation among the other vegetables—my neighbours; have fed heartily, digested smoothly, and slept soundly; and have left my family the family estates."

Here I groaned.

"But then I had not enriched botany with near 3000 species of unknown plants!"

"Without a kitchen garden left to console you for all this great time and trouble!"

"Nor described one hundred fishes which the world has never tasted!"

"And your ichthyology will not give us a cod's head!"

"Neither had I ascertained the height of the mountains in the moon, by comparing them with those on the earth!"

"Those mountains in the moon only

frightened you, when, afterwards you took it into your head they were volcanic !"

" Have I not profoundly investigated how the earth was made ? Have I not pushed my researches beyond even antediluvian ages ?"

" And in all this earth you have so easily disposed of, you have not an acre of your own !"

" Have I not pursued LA LANDE, star by star, and detected his celestial flim-flams ?"

" And these ' celestical notices' have contributed to crowd you into a nook where you can neither see the sun nor moon, and never more will walk in the streets !"

" Have I not published quartos, and octavos ?—they have not *yet* sold ! but posterity shall have them whether they will or not. Your Aunt's works I burnt, for the honour of the family. Mine I have preserved—acting on the same principle."

" Fortunately for your works, you out-

lived my Aunt—but your metaphysics are empty as the Scotch, and obscure as the German!"

"I know," said my Uncle, "I have written *above* this age; but you will not pretend to assert—he added, rising in a fit of enthusiasm—that the next age will not comprehend me? And exclaiming,

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

HOR.

My head shall touch the stars!

he bounced his head violently against the low slanting ceiling.

Short now is the eventful history of my philosophical Uncle. He daily inhaled, to keep up his spirits, the *gaseous oxyd*, or philosophical brandy—and, as I predicted, it acted on him just like that of the most vulgar quality.

His face became red and fiery, and shone

like a lighted coal; his eyes were phosphorescent, and his nose glimmered in the dark like the tail of a glow-worm. I did not care to approach him lest he should set fire to me; and once or twice, though he violently opposed my well-meant endeavours, I threw over him two or three pailfuls of waters, for I wished to prevent that "combustion of the human body," or otherwise "spontaneous decomposition," of which I had lately read so much.

Calling on him one morning, he told me mournfully, that having taken off his old pair of black silk stockings, and thrown them on the ground, in the morning he observed "a spontaneous decomposition" had taken place, and he had found, instead of his old black silk stockings, nothing but a heap of *carbonic* matter * !

* See a very curious Essay "on the *Combustion of the Human Body*, produced by the immoderate

" Then," said I, " you must have a most alarming surcharge of *caloric* about you !"

use of *Spiritous Liquors,* by Pierre-Aime Lair." *Phil. Mag. vol.* vi. *p.* 132. It abounds with numerous and some well-attested instances of the fact.—Dr. THORNTON, in his Medical Extracts, and WESLEY in his Primitive Physic, give others.—For the story of the *black silk stockings,* see *Phil. Mag. vol.* xvi. *p.* 92. They belonged to an American Senator. —See *Monthly Magazine* for October, *p.* 259.—*Annual Review, vol.* iii. *p.* 811.—*Nicholson's Journal, vol.* iii. 305, 4to.

Among the numerous parties hostile to this our " True History," and who take a personal interest to decry its illustrious author, are—the tipplers of Cogniac !

So it must ever fare with the great reformers of the world ; our author sacrificed his peace of mind to the good of his country, by warning those new Curtius's to beware of a leap into that bottomless gulph—their brandy-bottle, lest they should catch fire ! But, alas ! they do not admire the apotheosis of my Uncle !

Extraordinary as the apotheosis appears, that tipplers may at length set fire to themselves, it is authenticated by learned and veracious testimonies. Monsieur LAIR, who has collected several of these miracles, very calmly adds a couple in the same penfull of ink—nay, he sees nothing extraordinary

" I begin to think," replied my unhappy Uncle, " your conjecture respecting the

in a thing that ought to spread an universal alarm. " Is it" (says he) " more surprising to experience such *incineration,* than to void *saccharine urine* (diabetes mellitus), or to see the *bones* softened to a *jelly?*"

Among the facts related, are found the Countess Cornelia Bandi; after one of her doses of Cogniac, she fell drowsy and retired to her bed, but in the morning hardly any trace of her was left but—the empty bottle! Madame Boiseon was seen to burst out into inflammable gas, and when a person stretched his hand to put out Madame, the flame adhered as if the hand had been dipped in brandy, or oil, on fire! All such persons had long been in the habit of intoxication. In vain they poured water over these ignited mortals, like the Greek fire, they burnt in water!

Philosophy now-a-days never makes a discovery, but some one starts up to add a tail to the comet. LAIR gives several instances of drinking matches which ended tragically. Several Polish noblemen died with flames issuing with great violence from their stomachs! But Dr. SWEDIAUR, who was present at the reading of this Dissertation, immediately started up with more miracles! He told, that a club of porters at Warsaw, having drank abundantly

gaseous oxyd, that it is nothing more than *philosophical brandy*, is perfectly accurate. If you are still a dutiful nephew, and a zealous chemist, I entreat you to watch me more sedulously than you have of late! Shall I go off either by *detonation* or *decomposition*, or by a bright *combustion?*"

On the morning of the 21st of December, 1804, I entered his apartment—My Uncle was not a-bed in the gaseous apartment. I hastened to the Warden to announce the escape of his prisoner—and that he must pay all his debts! The Warden swore, and stampt, and rushed into my Uncle's apartment—He was not there!—I then suspected how matters stood. We found nothing but

of malt spirits, fell down in the streets, with the *smoke issuing out of their mouths!* The people came to their assistance declaring they would take fire!

This they never did—the Doctor had not the Art, in this instance,

Ex fumo dare lucem.

the cinerous remains of this great chemist; like an ancient body in a state of decomposition in Herculaneum.

The Warden was as terrified at my explanation of the *effects of brandy drinking*, as he had been at first at the probability of his having to pay all my Uncle's debts! If this "True history" should recover one unhappy bibber, tottering on the precipice of his bottle, I shall not have written in vain—but this is only *one moral!* while "The Life and Errors of my Uncle" contain a hundred, if the patient Reader is so fortunate as to find out the *particular manner in which this Book ought to be read!*

FINIS.

AN

ILLUMINATING INDEX;

INDICATING

THE SPIRIT AS WELL AS THE MATTER

OF

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Page 12	line 11	for	*lay*	read	*laid.*
—	— 14	——	*run*	——	*ran.*
34	— 2	——	*nebula*	——	*nebulæ.*
40	— 2	from the bottom	*Lord's*	——	*Lord.*
42	— 10	for	*Kyan*	——	*Cayenne.*

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